HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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A SEA-CHANGE.

A LYRICATED FARCE.

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

ACT I.

LOVE'S STOWAWAY.

Scene.—*The promenade-deck of the steamer "Mesopotamia," two days out from Boston. It is morning, before breakfast. A group of sailors are hauling at a sheet; and a sail is seen rising, with an audible clucking of tackle.*

Chorus of Seamen.

If I had a sweetheart, and she was a rover—
  Haul away, boys, haul away!
I'd follow her all the wide world over—
  Haul away, boys, haul away!

If she said yes, I never would leave her—
  Haul away, boys, haul away!
If she said no, I would go and grieve her—
  Haul away, boys, haul away!

For the will of a girl there is never any knowing—
  Haul away, boys, haul away!
She would want me to stay if she saw me going—
  Haul away, boys, haul away!

Then, never say die; keep a stiff upper lip, boys—
  Haul away, haul, haul away!
The wind is fair, and we've got a good ship, boys—
  Haul away, haul, haul away!

(*The Seamen struggle forward over the deck, singing. Then* Theron Gay *steals from the door of the smoking-room, peering fearfully about him.*)

Theron (*recitative*). A surmise or suspicion,
I know not which to call it,
Possesses me, that, without my intending,
I am this very moment emulating
The resolute behavior
Of the heroic and ideal lover
Whose bold philosophy has been indicated
In the soul-stirring accents of the sailors.

Four nights ago, sitting among the flowers
In Mr. Vane's conservatory,
I told my love to Muriel his daughter.
With what result will doubtless be conjectured
When I have added that I took my passage
By the first steamer I could get for Europe
Early the following morning.

And now there are circumstances
Which lead me to imagine
That Muriel, flying from my hated presence,
Has taken passage on this very steamer.

Such is the simple and probable situation!
But, since we started, we have all been sea-sick,
And hardly any of us has been able
To leave his state-room;
And it has been impossible to make certain
Of what may be at last a mere conjecture.
Yet now I can no longer bridle
My wild impatience,
And I will ask the first of the ship's people
Whom I encounter;
And apropos of that, just as it happens

(*Continued on page 521, Supplement.*)

"The standard of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is higher than that of any other weekly publication for the young."—*Boston Globe.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Among a variety of interesting and instructive stories and articles, Number 454 *of this most welcome periodical, published July 10th, contains the first instalment of a two-part story entitled "Buster Bill." It is a fascinating picture of childhood in a gold-mining camp, and is illustrated by one of* W. H. ROGERS'S *most characteristic full-page drawings.*

With Chat III. the Commodore of the New York Canoe Club concludes his valuable series of articles on "Safe Sail-Boats for Boys." In this one he describes the rig of the several boats that he considers safe, and illustrates the subject with outline drawings.

DAVID KER *contributes one of his inimitable short stories, entitled "Running the Gauntlet."*

One notable feature of the number is a full-page drawing by W. H. BEARD, *which bears the suggestive title of "All Sorts in Our School." The satirical humor of this picture will be appreciated at a glance, and it will cause many a hearty laugh.*

"A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO"

is the title bestowed by MISS ISABEL MCDOUGALL *upon a children's operetta, which, with its taking music and dainty illustrations, will suggest an infinite fund of amusement to the young guests of innumerable summer resorts.*

The number is replete with other good things that have only to be discovered to insure an eager attention from young readers.

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NEW YORK, JULY 14, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE PRESIDENT HIS OWN PLATFORM.

MR. CLEVELAND has one great advantage in this canvass, and that is that upon the question which his opponents declare to be the paramount issue he is his own platform. He stands for reducing the surplus by lightening the taxes on necessaries, and leaving them upon luxuries. He proposes freer clothing; his opponents propose freer whiskey. The Republican cry against him is free-trade. If it could be shown that he has proposed free-trade or contemplated free-trade, so sudden a subversion of the long-settled policy of raising the revenue by customs duties would be startling. But the President foresaw the effort that would be made to raise a false issue, and to secure the benefit of "a scare," and he quietly baffled it in advance. The customs revenue, he says, "must be extensively continued as the source of the government's income, and in a readjustment of our tariff the interests of American labor engaged in manufactures should be carefully considered, as well as the preservation of our manufacturers"; and he adds, "the question of free-trade is absolutely irrelevant, and the persistent claim made in certain quarters that all efforts to relieve the people from unjust and unnecessary taxation are schemes of so-called free-traders, is mischievous, and far removed from any consideration for the public good."

The tariff must be readjusted in order to reduce the surplus. A hundred million of dollars which are not wanted by the government are paid every year in taxes by the people. It is so much necessary money withdrawn from circulation. The surplus must be reduced, because it is a constant threat to business and a constant temptation to demoralizing extravagance. Last September a very serious panic was averted by the prompt action of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury. But the stability of business should not be dependent upon them. The causes that threaten panic should be removed, and as the wages of labor are menaced by panic, every man who lives by wages is interested in a wise reduction of the surplus. The President is in another sense his own platform, because his course has shown every business and labor interest in the country that he is a safe, sound, and conservative man. Nobody can feel that his continuance in office and at the head of administration will disturb business during the next four years, as it has not been disturbed during the four that are ending. If he were a wholly untried man, the cry that he means a total change of the tariff system might be alarming. But his course and his recommendations show nothing of the kind. He proposes to apply a simple and reasonable remedy to a dangerous situation.

The Republican party acknowledged in 1884 that something should be done. It declared in its platform of that year:

"The Democratic party has failed completely to relieve the people of the burden of unnecessary taxation by a wise reduction of the surplus. The Republican party pledges itself to correct the inequalities of the tariff, and to reduce the surplus."

It now proposes to take off the tax on whiskey rather than to surrender any part of our protective system. Yet the Republican Tariff Commission recommended an average reduction of the tariff of 20 to 25 per cent. The bill prepared in pursuance of President CLEVELAND'S recommendations, and now pending in the House, provides an average reduction of very much less. The Chicago *Tribune*, a Republican journal, which is opposed to the chief plank of the platform upon which the Republican candidate stands, asked, last December:

"Is a tariff of 68½ per cent. on clothing a protective tariff while 60 per cent. or 50 per cent. is free-trade? Is 40 per cent. on cotton protection and 37½ per cent. free-trade? Shall we stultify the intelligence of the party by declaring that 38 per cent. on iron and steel is protection and 37, or any lower percentage, free-trade? What furious misrepresentation is this! It cannot be supposed by wise party men that for a whole year the American people can be blinded by such shallow sophistry and unadorned falsehood as this."

This expresses a strong Republican sentiment in the Northwest. The Minnesota State Convention last year favored a revision of the tariff, "with a simplification and reduction of customs duties." The Iowa platform said, "We believe the tariff should be revised and reduced." The Nebraska platform said that "the business of the country now demands a revision of the tariff." Many Republican journals of similar convictions warmly approved the President's recommendations. Mr. MCCULLOCH, President ARTHUR'S Secretary of the Treasury, says of the present war tariff, "It is anti-republican in its character and its influences, it fosters monopolies, and it enriches the few at the expense of the many." He holds it to be imperative that the tariff should be made "a tariff for revenue with incidental protection, a tariff by which the highest duties consistent with revenue will be imposed upon the articles that come into competition with our own manufactures." He thinks that the present tariff is unconstitutional so far as it imposes duties for protection and not for revenue. President CLEVELAND is a free-trader precisely as all these Republicans are free-traders, and the Republican journals which commended the general policy indicated in his message will find it very hard to act in harmony with those who hold, as the Chicago *Tribune* says, that the tariff is a sacred white elephant.

THE PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN.

THE Prohibition campaign will be an interesting part of the canvass. The National Convention of the party we have already described. It had an air of great vitality and moral earnestness, which was reproduced in the New York Convention. In 1884 many thousands of voters who would not vote for Mr. BLAINE voted for the Prohibition ticket, being sure, as one of them said, of good company. The anti-saloon Republicans were sorely vexed after the election, and said that unless the Republican party took high ground this year, it could not have their votes. They have labored diligently in the mean time to create an anti-saloon sentiment in the party. But such a sentiment has not extended to the party leaders, nor has it really interested the party, as was shown by the action at Chicago. During all the speeches and proceedings of the Convention, if any prominence whatever was given to the saloon issue, it escaped our attention. The platform, one of the longest on record, which wooed every other vote, and demanded one cent postage, was profoundly and significantly silent upon the subject of temperance. Not one delegate, so far as we saw, moved to amend by adding a saloon plank of any kind. But the anti-saloon representatives who were in Chicago, according to the report, begged that something should be said, and this was the large utterance of the Convention in acquiescence:

"The first concern of good government is the virtue and sobriety of the people and the purity of the home. The Republican party cordially sympathizes with all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality."

Whether the anti-saloon politicians were satisfied is not reported. But whatever their feeling, the declaration is totally unmeaning and useless. No man in his senses is opposed to wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality. But a man might hold that he did not hold any law whatever upon the subject of drinking to be a wise means of promoting temperance. There is no doubt of the construction that temperance men will place upon this meaningless manifesto. If such men favor strict or high license, and are otherwise in accord with the Republican platform, they will vote for its candidates, because they know by experience that high-license legislation is not to be expected from the Democratic party. But such men will not vote for the Republican candidates because of this declaration, which does not say or imply that high license is a wise or well-directed measure.

But while no temperance vote can have been gained by this declaration in favor of abstract virtue, its form and the circumstances under which it was adopted deprive it of any moral weight whatever as a party expression or pledge. Besides the absolute silence of which we have spoken, the platform, while saying nothing whatever of temperance legislation, declared, in the most emphatic and unconditional way, that it preferred free whiskey and tobacco to the surrender of any part of the protective system. That declaration was undoubtedly sincere, because it expresses the present sentiment of the party. This well-considered and carefully elaborated declaration is also the most suggestive commentary upon the regard for virtue and sobriety and the purity of the home which was proclaimed at the end of the proceedings. Anxiety for domestic ease and happiness and purity might seem to have manifested itself more naturally by taxing whiskey than by taxing clothing. Lighter taxes would be generally regarded as more favorable to virtue and sobriety than cheap whiskey. The anti-saloon Republicans who hold that Republican ascendency must be maintained under all circumstances, and who would have voted with the party even without any declaration upon the subject, will of course vote for it with such a declaration. The declaration as it stands commits the party to nothing but virtue, sobriety, and purity by such ways as it may think best to promote these ends. If it had thought an anti-saloon law the best way, it would have said so; and the fact that it did not say so defeats the very object for which any declaration was sought.

A SCENE IN TWO CONVENTIONS.

THERE was one scene in the Chicago Convention of this year which recalled one in the Cincinnati Convention of 1876. There is an etiquette of such bodies which requires that the election of any candidate who may be nominated must be assumed by every speaker, and another understanding that no speaker who is invited by the whole Convention to address it, before a nomination is made, must advocate any individual candidate. In 1876, Mr. DANA, of Massachusetts, in seconding the nomination of General BRISTOW, seemed to imply that some candidate might be named for whom Massachusetts would not vote. Instantly a storm of protest swept through the Convention, which compelled the orator to stop, and the interruption seriously disconcerted him. He finished his speech, but it was felt that he had prejudiced the candidacy which he had eloquently advocated, and, as it appeared, had furnished the next speaker with a chance which he improved to the utmost for the benefit of the candidate whom he was to advocate.

That next speaker was Mr. INGERSOLL, who was greeted with the most enthusiastic acclamation as he stood upon the platform in a loose coat and white waistcoat, and with a smiling face beaming upon the throng. When he could be heard he began at once with great animation: "Massachusetts is satisfied with the Republicanism of BENJAMIN H. BRISTOW. So am I. But if Massachusetts will not give her largest majority for any candidate nominated by this Convention, I am not satisfied with the Republicanism of Massachusetts." This he said slowly, staccato, with his shaking finger pointed at the Massachusetts delegation, and as he said it the hall rang with an apparently endless shout of delighted approval, and it was long before he could proceed, in the famous speech which charmed the Convention, and in which Mr. BLAINE was depicted as a "plumed and belted knight" marching down the House of Representatives and tearing open the laws of a rebel Democracy, and performing other Herculean labors, while the excited multitude cheered and roared with applause—and presently Mr. HAYES was nominated.

It is extraordinary that Mr. INGERSOLL should this year have repeated Mr. DANA'S error, and have been himself overwhelmed like his predecessor by a storm of protest and dissent. This time, however, it was the other canon of etiquette that was violated. In the evening of the day on which the balloting began, Mr. INGERSOLL was invited by the Convention to address it, and amid a tempest of applause he appeared on the platform and proceeded to speak. He was warmly cheered, and all was prosperous until he remarked, in an extraordinary *non sequitur*, that being a protectionist he was in favor of WALTER Q. GRESHAM. Then broke the storm that in 1876 confounded Mr. DANA. It was, indeed, more overwhelming. Mr. INGERSOLL had told the SHERMAN men and the HARRISON, ALLISON, ALGER, BLAINE, and other men, who had invited him to speak, that he preferred GRESHAM to all other candidates. He had violated the other canon of Convention etiquette, and the uproarious multitude would not allow him to proceed. After vainly attempting to make himself heard, he left the platform, and the disaster was complete. Mr. INGERSOLL was instantly dubbed GRESHAM'S BURCHARD, and in the sudden shock of his mistake the incident of 1876 recurred, perhaps, to his memory.

THE BOOK AND NEWSPAPER CHARITY.

WE have annually exhorted our city readers to heed the appeal of the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, an efficient branch of the State Charities Aid Association, whose duty it is to furnish pleasant reading for the sick. That the extent and value of the service of the society may be understood, we gladly state in its behalf that during the year ending on the 1st of May there were received 5659 books, 15,000 magazines, and 36,760 weekly and illustrated papers. These have been distributed on Blackwell's, Randall's, Hart's, and Ward's islands, in the hospitals, insane asylums, almshouses, and schools; also in Bellevue Hospital, as well as in eighty-three private charitable es-

tablishments. Among the latter are the Colored Home and Hospital, the Presbyterian Home, the Mount Sinai Hospital, the German Hospital, the Home for Old Men and Aged Couples, the Insane Asylum (Binghamton), and the Seneca County Almshouse, also the light-houses and life-saving stations.

The sub-committee on Christmas cards reports that 7919 cards have been sent out, an increase of 4000 over last year. The crippled and invalid children on Randall's Island, for whom a special appeal was made, have been amply supplied with cards. Many came accompanied by letters from children blessed with health and homes, whose hearts were touched by the plea for sick, outcast, and orphaned children. From all of those to whom reading matter has been sent the warmest expressions of pleasure and gratitude have been received. There is no simpler or easier or more effective charity. Its boxes are at railroad and ferry stations, and its head-quarters at University Place and Ninth Street.

THE GETTYSBURG REUNION.

THE reunion of the Blue and the Gray at Gettysburg was one of the most significant and interesting events since the war. There have been similar meetings of the old Confederate and Union soldiers before this year. But the meeting, upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle, of the two armies by which the battle was fought to shake hands in perfect amity as peacefully co-operating citizens of a common country is one of the most memorable incidents in history, and gave to the occasion a charm that can never be forgotten.

The points of interest upon such a field are innumerable. Every army corps and division and regiment and company has its spots of peculiar association; and a battle of three days, drifting over a large space, and touching every part of it, invests the whole territory with a glamour of heroism and romantic recollection. The story of Gettysburg is one of the most interesting narratives of battle. The courage and persistence displayed upon both sides leave in those respects nothing to be concealed. Both sides may be equally proud of their bravery, and feel a certain American satisfaction in the terrible story.

But the field of this year is a field of patriotic promise and suggestion which cannot but have a happy influence. One of the misfortunes of the political contest of the summer is that it will rekindle sectional animosity, and the ardent desire of party success will produce a bitterness of expression and feeling that will necessarily postpone the good day coming of which the Gettysburg reunion was so fair an augury. But nevertheless it is a good day, and it is coming. The scars of a great civil war never disappeared so rapidly. It is the interest of party to keep the old wounds open. But it is the purpose of patriotism to close them forever.

A REPUBLICAN VIEW.

THE temperate and judicious letter of ex-Mayor SETH LOW speaks for a great many Republicans who do not write for the newspapers, but who think carefully, and vote as they think. One such Republican, who has always "voted the ticket," writes as follows, speaking his thoughts freely and plainly:

"That taxes are a burthen and not a benefit; that they should be imposed upon luxuries rather than upon necessaries; that tobacco and whiskey are favorite subjects of taxation in all countries; that to sacrifice the $120,000,000 now yearly raised upon these would be wanton waste, are propositions so reasonable that they seem axiomatical. But all these were well known to the intelligent men who controlled the Republican Convention. Why then did they disregard them?

"Does not this point to a hidden influence using the Convention for its own ends—to, perhaps, a pool of trusts, who seek in this way the accomplishment of their nefarious purposes. The indications point that way.

"What means that large and persistent support of a certain candidacy whose only known recommendation was a money-bag?

"What means the prominence of Mr. DEPEW? His cleverness as a postprandial orator is hardly a sufficient basis for a Presidential candidate. But he is better known as the custodian of a three hundred million money-bag. Now such bag may be a public blessing, as the autocrat may be the best ruler. But by the common agreement of mankind, in every age, such money-bag and such autocrat are, *per se, hertes humani generis*.

"What means, again, the nomination of Mr. MORTON, whose candidacy was pressed specially on the ground of his alleged contribution of $100,000 to the GARFIELD campaign?

"Again, the leadership of the Convention bore itself with a high hand; violated known maxims of economy with the mien of the highwayman who bids you stand and deliver. It waived the independents aside with haughty disdain. And yet the very men who did this were only a few years since themselves bolters on a mere personal question, bolting and seeking to subject the country to that rule of the solid South which they now pretend to dread. And this at a time when this South was unreconstructed, sullen, and resentful. How are we to account for all this on any other principle than the working of a hidden influence? The scare of ruin to the factories in a reduction from 47 to 40 per cent., accompanied by free raw material, deceives no one. What, then, shall an old-fashioned Republican do? Is it not in the interest of the party to defeat its national ticket, and thus deliver it from its unwholesome leadership? But pause. Its candidate for President has yet to speak. He is a clean man, unrelated to 'boodle.' If he is wise and strong he will in becoming phrase rebuke the platform, and turn the party to its true course. *Nous verrons.* I need not add I have little hope."

ELECTING POSTMASTERS.

MR. GROUT, of Vermont, in a recent speech in the House of Representatives, warmly advocated the election of postmasters by the people. His chief argument was that of the public welfare, shown from the fact that the bill,

"if it should become a law, would strike out of the Presidential problem at a single blow fifty-two thousand of these offices, and the very ones too over which the scramble is most disgraceful, because appointments to them are made in the most irresponsible manner. They are also the very offices which enter most largely into the Presidential contest, scattered as they are over the whole country, and carrying as they do the greedy spirit of conquest into every hamlet throughout the land. What other machine, in fact, equals the Post-office in the small country village or at the cross-roads in the manufacture of politics? Each Presidential election hatches half a dozen aspirants in each party for every such office. And after the Kilkenny contest is over he gets the office at the cross-roads who has burnt the most powder and gets the best hold upon the 'local boss.' And so at last there is an outcome of the Presidential election."

Upon the general subject Mr. GROUT said:

"I have no time to enter at length upon the consideration of the problem presented by the vast and ever-increasing civil service of this great and growing country. It must suffice to say that the contemplative, prudent mind views with alarm, if not with disgust, that feature of our system which makes the stake contended for in Presidential elections not so much who shall be President as who shall hold the one hundred and odd thousand offices which the successful candidate distributes among his supporters, precisely as in early, semi-barbarous times the victorious general distributed among his followers the spoils of conquest. Very many of the very best men in the republic consider it a great scandal that this, the most enlightened and progressive people on the face of the globe, should be found in this evening of the nineteenth century administering their civil service upon no better principle than that which governs the savage tribes in the distribution of plunder captured in war—a principle, too, which even in war all civilized nations long since outgrew."

The question of the election of such postmasters has been often discussed. Mr. GROUT'S bill provides specifically for a registry of the legal voters who are "patrons of an office," which registry is to be quarterly corrected, and upon the request of a majority of such voters the Postmaster-General shall authorize a meeting—for which also provision is made—for the expression of the public will in regard to a postmaster. The choice of a majority so expressed is to have merely the force of a recommendation to the Postmaster-General, who would probably conform to the wishes of the voters.

The objections to this plan, such as making it a party question, to which considerations of local convenience would be certainly sacrificed, are also objections to the present system, which is wholly partisan and indifferent to the public convenience. There is, indeed, one thing to be said in favor of almost any change, that no method could well be worse than the present, which makes such offices the booty of local bosses. Mr. GROUT'S bill will perhaps not be heard of again during the Presidential campaign. But it is one of the many and multiplying signs of profound dissatisfaction with the present system.

BUFFALO BILL UPON THE INDIAN QUESTION.

THERE could have been no more authentic and valuable witness upon the subject of our Indian policy than Colonel W. F. CODY, the Buffalo Bill of "the Wild West," and a recent brief paper by him in the *Epoch* is well worth attention. The Indian, he says, is not revengeful, but, like the white man, he will take every advantage of his enemy in war. He says also, plainly, that there is no such thing as treachery in the Indian character, and there can be no better witness. Colonel CODY has 125 Indians in his camp on Staten Island. They are disciplined, as he says, and as every visitor knows, like an army. His own decision is shown in a story current upon Staten Island in the neighborhood of the Wild West. Liquor had been furnished to some of the Indians at the adjacent saloons, and Colonel CODY promptly informed the proprietors that there was a very heavy fine for selling liquor to Indians. "But this," he said, "you probably know. What I particularly wish to remark is that if I find any liquor sold to them, I shall turn them loose upon the saloons." His remark has served as an effective prohibitory law.

The Colonel says that the constant change of administration is very unfortunate for the Indians. There is an incessant change of treatment, and the Indian naturally becomes confused and impatient, and often unreasonable and suspicious. Undoubtedly their frequent contact with half-civilized whites and utterly unprincipled agents disgusts and imbrutes them, and gives them a profound contempt for the "superior" race. The paper in the WEEKLY a fortnight ago upon Bishop WHIPPLE shows the effect of a sagacious, firm, and honorable treatment, and the bishop's experience is that of Mr. WELSH and others who are sincerely interested in the welfare of the Indians.

Colonel CODY warmly approves the policy of distributing land in severalty among the Indians; that is, the plan of giving every man his definite lot of 160 acres. The scheme of 1876, that of giving a tribe an immense tract to roam over, and feeding and clothing them until they learned to support themselves, he thinks obviously foolish. It would ruin white men if it should be applied to them, because it would deprive them of all incentive to work. The Indians are increasing in number, he says, not diminishing, as is generally supposed, and ultimately he thinks that they will affiliate with the white race, like the Cherokees or the New York Indians. It is very satisfactory to have the views of the most intelligent friends of the Indian confirmed by so competent an observer, who has lived among them and been identified with them for so long a time.

A MODEL COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC.

THE name of GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN appears as the composer and adapter of the music for a book of *Hymns and Tunes as Sung at St. Thomas's Church, New York*, just published by HARPER & BROTHERS. The preliminary note which the late Dr. MORGAN provided for this little volume lets the outside world into the secret of the musical success which crowned the joint labors of rector and organist. Both were so long and so sympathetically associated with the musical illustration of Episcopal ritual as to give this memorial of their work an especial value. Dr. WARREN stands quite by himself in his vocation, and from the beginning of his career he has succeeded in creating a school distinctively his own. The musical services at St. Thomas's Church, whose excellence has been so long recognized, have therefore borne a notable stamp of originality.

In the collection to which we refer the strongest hymns have been selected, and there is a pervading character of felicitous adaptation of tune to verse. It is not every composer of the rank of Dr. WARREN who would have contented himself with so tranquil a line of expression. There is not a tune in the volume which savors of sensationalism, or which would appeal to the crude taste of a "popular quartette." The partisans of what may, without invidious suggestion, be called the advanced school within the Episcopal Church would probably pronounce the work deficient in color and harmonic brilliancy. But it certainly possesses the genuine merit of "staying power," and its author may, without presumption, hope to inspire the music of yet another generation. Each tune in the volume is pervaded by one formative inspiration, and seems to have been struck off at a single heat. Dr. WARREN understands the commanding value of large volumes of tone, and so indulges freely and frequently in unison passages. There is a supplementary reminder of how diligent and prolific a worker the organist of St. Thomas's has been. For those who know his productions this is hardly necessary. His carols alone will keep his memory green so long as the great Christian festivals of Christmas and Easter endure. The book is beautifully printed, and the embossed muslin binding makes its exterior at once novel and attractive.

A CORRECTION.

IN the Supplement devoted to the city of Cincinnati, which was issued with the WEEKLY of June 30th, there were some blunders made in the titles of the illustrations which could readily be corrected by those familiar with the place. For the benefit of those who are not, we may explain that the titles of the Court-house and Chamber of Commerce were transposed, and that the general view of the city was from "Price's," not from "Pine," Hill. A better view of the city from the bluff near the Art Museum was unfortunately delayed in transmission, and arrived too late to be used. The disappointment of our Cincinnati friends in missing this latter and most adequate representation of their beautiful city is fully shared by us.

PERSONAL.

CHARLES H. STEARNS, a veteran fireman of whom Boston is proud, boasts that in the past sixty-three years no circus has ever shown in that town which he was not on hand to see. Two or three of his old cronies always go with him, each man reviving the joys of boyhood in munching a pint of peanuts.

—London's fashionable fad just now is Mr. EDISON'S perfected phonograph.

—It will be a quarter of a century next month since the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was organized at Detroit, where four weeks hence five thousand engineers are to celebrate the event by the biggest picnic and reunion in their history.

—JOHN ZACHAR is a farmer of Racine, Wisconsin, who has eaten no food and taken no medicine for nearly two months. He isn't hungry nor sick, he says, but on a diet of cold water he keeps at work steadily.

—Philadelphia's great merchant and philanthropist, JOHN WANAMAKER, has his life insured for $1,000,000, a much larger amount than any other man is insured for, though one other Philadelphian, JOHN B. STETSON, carries a policy for $750,000.

—London is to have a Russian opera season next month, presented with all their home magnificence, and there are hints that America, too, shall have the chance to patronize the same extravagance.

—The late Rev. E. H. LEFFINGWELL, of New Haven, left a collection of autographs estimated to be worth $100,000.

—The expense of holding last month's National Republican Convention was $31,000. The Democratic Convention cost less than $22,000.

—Among the old soldiers in the glorious reunion at Gettysburg was JOHN F. CHASE, of the Fifth Maine Battery, who claims "the record" for wounds received in that terrible July fight. Upon his body are still visible the scars of forty-eight separate wounds, and his right arm was wholly shot away in that battle.

—Chicago grows boastful again. Now it claims the smallest baby that was ever born and lived. The two weeks' old infant of Mrs. JAMES WILLIS weighs just thirteen ounces.

—Enthusiastic over their easy defeat of Harvard's crew, Yale's oarsmen have now challenged Cambridge and Oxford to a race in English waters.

—Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN has just completed a new opera, which will be produced in London and New York next winter. Sir ARTHUR lives in high style near Westminster Abbey, maintaining what are perhaps the finest bachelor apartments in London.

—"I would not grieve," says Sir JOHN MILLAIS, "were half my works to go to the bottom of the Atlantic—if I might choose the half to go."

—Just before Germany's lamented Emperor FREDERICK died, one of his court advisers suggested that an "opposition" paper be suppressed, and a loyal organ established in its place. "Leave it alone," the King answered. "What the government thinks I know very well myself, but it's what the other people think that I am anxious to find out."

—San Francisco has just unveiled the statue of FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, the gift of JAMES LICK.

—The average Indiana man is very proud of being called a Hoosier. General LEW WALLACE at the recent Chicago Convention said: "I am a Hoosier—I might even say a professional Hoosier."

—"Yes, I confess I wish to live somewhat longer, for two great objects," said GLADSTONE to one of his friends lately. "One of my ambitions—to settle the Irish question—is easily guessed, but the other may not be; the other is to convince my countrymen of the substantial identity of the theology of Homer and that of the Old Testament."

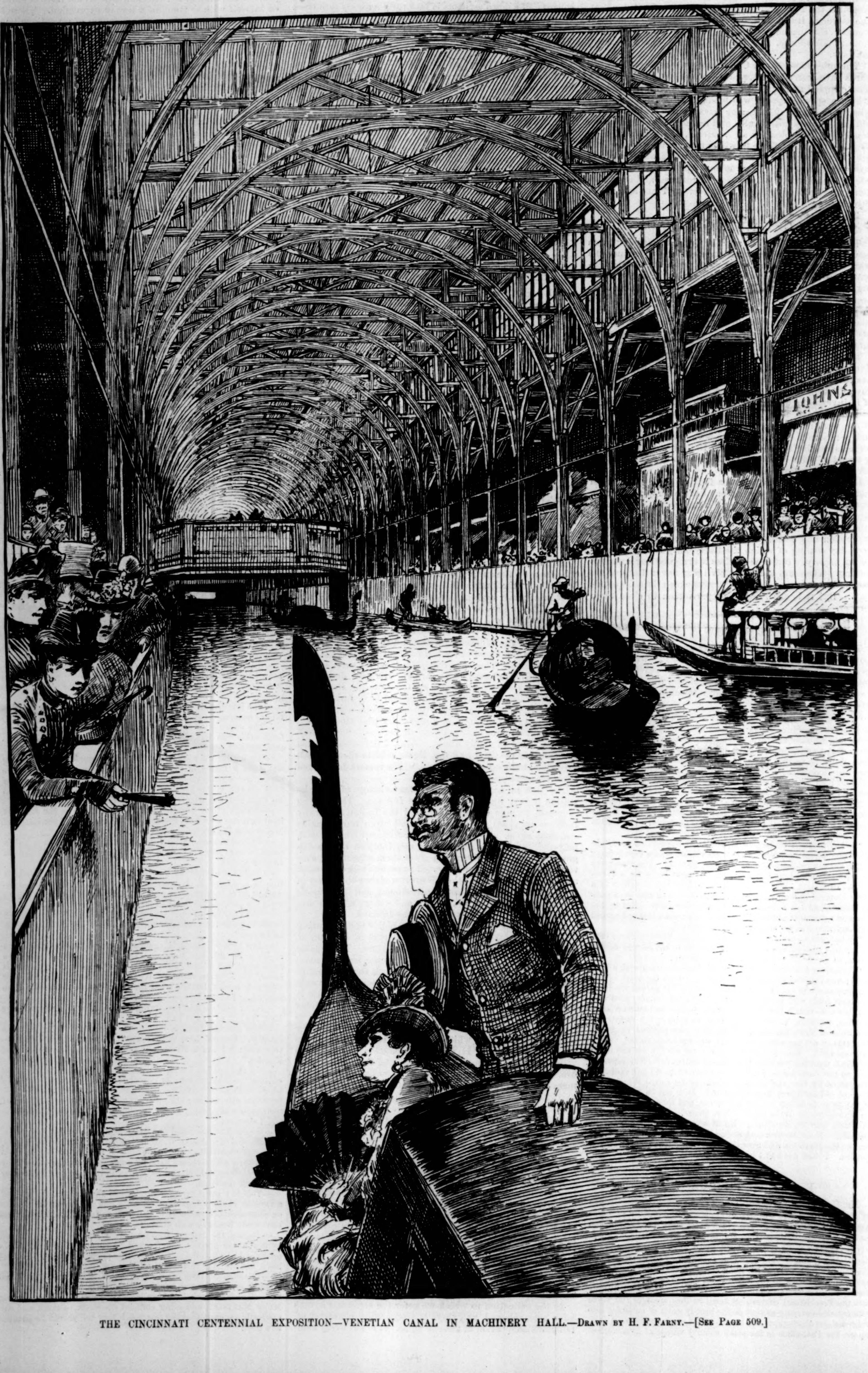
—George Eliot averaged over $40,000 apiece for all of her novels.

—Mr. and Mrs. JOSIAH H. HULETT, of Sandisfield, Massachusetts, the longest married couple in the State, if not in New England, observed their seventy-third wedding anniversary on the 4th. They were both born in 1791, and have lived in their present house ever since their marriage.

—This is a great year for herrings in the Hudson, the pilot of a steamer running between New York and Albany declaring that on some recent trips the river has been so full of the fish that his boat made headway with difficulty.

—TOLSTOI, the famous Russian novelist, is now being pursued by mad-house keepers, who, backed by some of the great man's relatives, insist that the author's writings prove him crazy. TOLSTOI has a fortune; the relatives want it.

—The sketches from life made by Mr. W. A. ROGERS in the Pennsylvania coal region are exciting attention in a great many quarters. The New York *Herald* calls the attention of Judge KELLEY, Major MCKINLEY, and other eminent observers to them, and sarcastically suggests that the tale which they tell should be branded as a libel.



THE CINCINNATI CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—VENETIAN CANAL IN MACHINERY HALL.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 509.]

THE CINCINNATI CENTENNIAL—MAIN HALL OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.

THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

Cincinnati has again demonstrated her right to be called the exposition city of the West. The opening, on Wednesday of last week, of the Exposition which commemorates the one-hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the Ohio Valley has not only called public attention to the history and wonderful progress of Cincinnati, but has brought the resources of the entire West into unusual prominence. For this chance of showing at least a part of their advantages to the people of the Eastern and Central States the West owes Cincinnati some share of gratitude.

The Cincinnati people have learned from experience how to do these things in the best way. They have been holding expositions of one kind or other with painstaking regularity since 1870, so that the coming of their own centennial found them able to prepare for a demonstration that would fittingly represent their century of growth and civilization. Pageants, shows, and expositions are arranged quickly in Cincinnati, yet the Centennial Commissioners found it necessary to begin work a year ago. The first step was the raising of a fund to guarantee the success of the project. Such confidence had the people in the undertaking that they pledged the very handsome sum of $1,000,000. To the outside man of affairs this would seem to be an unsafe risk; but to the Cincinnatian, who knows his ability to make a show worth seeing, the security for the return of the money was reasonably safe.

With this money pledged, the Commissioners began the work of building the Exposition halls and advertising the show. Long before the buildings were up, tons of circulars, lithographs, and other printed matter were sent to all parts of the country. The advertising committee did its work shrewdly—so shrewdly, in fact, that had it paid publishers' rates for the reading notices obtained in behalf of the Exposition, the total guarantee fund would have been completely exhausted. Fortunately for the committee, the newspapers of the West were more than usually well disposed toward the Exposition, for it was felt that, although the project was primarily a Cincinnati affair, and that it would naturally take money out of the small towns and leave it in the pockets of Cincinnati business men, yet the occasion had so much of State and national interest in it that the country was justified in helping the matter along.

It was easy enough for the Commissioners to build temporary exhibition halls, but by no means easy to decide where to put them. The city gave the use of Washington Park, a square of open ground directly opposite the Springer Music Hall, which had heretofore been considered large enough for the local expositions. Washington Park, however, was hardly of sufficient size to accommodate the Main Building, to say nothing of Horticultural Hall and Machinery Hall. The limitations of space were at length overcome by placing Machinery Hall astride of the peaceful Miami Canal, which lies just back of Music Hall. For thirteen hundred feet the canal runs under cover of Machinery Hall. It is disguised as a Venetian canal, with the accessories of gondolas and thrifty gondoliers. With all the well-meant efforts to give the canal a genuine tinge of Venetian life, it still remains the old Miami waterway, where, on any day, the melancholy son of Venice perforce gives passage-room to the unæsthetic canal-boat, the dripping towline, and the plebeian mule. To my mind the unheralded and unexpected appearance of a Miami canal-boat in the brilliant Venetian scene is the chief charm of the whole arrangement, because it unobtrusively, yet at the same time irresistibly, carries the visitor back to the way of life of that period whereon the foundations of the present Centennial Exposition rest. The bluff-bowed canal-boats and the hard-beaten tow-paths are about the only relics left of the early settlement of the Ohio Valley. The blending of the ornamental with the practical will make Machinery Hall attractive even to the ladies, who, as a rule, care little for machinery. If, with their Venetian canal, the Commissioners have added a new interest to machinery, they certainly are deserving of commendation.

The Main Building has a rival point of interest in its illuminated fountain, which throws jets of water colored by shifting lights up toward the dome in the centre of the big structure. All through the hot summer, and well along into the autumn, the fountain will be a favorite loitering-place for visitors from out of the city. The exhibits in this building show what a thorough-going interest the people of the Central and Western States have taken in the Exposition. Most of the articles on exhibition are from those States which had an actual part in the organization of the Exposition, although there are plenty of exhibits from the East that are mainly of an advertising character. The exhibits from Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Michigan, and Tennessee were arranged for by five honorary Centennial Commissioners in each State, exclusive of the Governor, who is also a Commissioner. These States sent the best things that they could get together to indicate their progress in science, agriculture, and manufactures. The result may well surprise Eastern people who have not yet come to realize the wonderful resources and natural wealth of the West. Each State has apparently tried to outdo her neighbor in the extent and completeness of her exhibition. The Main Building is crowded full with the brave show. There was so much to go into the big structure that on the opening day many of the exhibits were lying about in boxes unopened.

To give uninterrupted communication between the Main Building and Music and Machinery halls, and at the same time to keep Elm Street open for traffic, a curved bridge was built over the street. It is a reproduction of the Bridge of Sighs, after which it takes its name. The bridge is at night a graceful arch of colored lights, which seems to be the starting-point for rows of other lights that hem in the Exposition buildings, and stretch away down the streets in flickering lines of gorgeous color. Where they cross the canal at one place, they pass within arm's-reach of the little old cottage in which General Grant was born. This is the first time that the house has been on exhibition. Ultimately it may be shipped eastward as a second step on its theatrical journey. In a corner of the Exposition grounds stands an unpretentious log cabin, in which, it is said, the log-cabin campaign of years ago was planned. There is no actual proof of this, I understand, but in an exhibition of relics, as in a political campaign, a great many things are taken for granted. The show of relics at the Exposition is large, diversified, and, on the whole, interesting. Many shown by Cincinnati and the States are necessarily of local application only, while those in the government display have a national and, in some cases, world-wide interest. The display of paintings, statues, and other works of art is in every way creditable.

With all this brave array of fine things as a sort of ground-work for enthusiasm, Cincinnati made careful preparation to open the Exposition and celebrate the Fourth of July in a style that would cause all other demonstrations of the kind to be forgotten. At midnight on July 3d the staid, easy-going character of the city disappeared utterly, and a spirit of chaos popped out, like a Jack-in-the-box, to make the quiet night hysteric with noise. Never had Cincinnati seen or heard anything like that frantic midnight. Everything that could make a noise was at it at high pressure, from the small boy, with fire-crackers and tin horn, to the cannons on the hill-tops, the bells in the church steeples, and the steam-whistles on steam-boats and in factories. Young women and girls, provided with various kitchen utensils, joined with their brothers in making the wildest din ever heard in the State of Ohio. From bluffs to river, and from river on toward the Kentucky highlands, countless lights blazed and sky-rockets soared, while penetrating every fibre of the human consciousness was the throbbing of that awful noise and the roar of thunder in the stormy sky.

On Wednesday the people, satisfied that they had given the day a cordial if not fitting reception, were less demonstrative, although none the less inspired by patriotic enthusiasm. At ten o'clock in the morning the doors of the Centennial Exposition were thrown open, and at eleven o'clock the dedicatory exercises were begun in Music Hall. A prayer was made by the Rev. George A. Thayer, and a welcome address delivered by Governor Foraker. At a few minutes past noon the signal to set the machinery in motion was received from Nashville, Tennessee, from Mrs. Sarah Childress Polk, widow of President James K. Polk, and instantly little Mary Allison, daughter of James Allison, President of the Exposition, set the wheels and shafts revolving on their hundred days' task. Then the Exposition was declared opened. These ceremonies were attended by all the visiting State Governors and distinguished guests in the city, together with the eight thousand or more people who were able to crowd into Music Hall. After some of the visitors had made speeches, and Archbishop Elder had pronounced a benediction, the people went into the neighboring streets to watch the parade, which was two hours in passing the customary given point. The procession was made up of the Centennial Commissioners, the Governors with their staffs, the distinguished guests, local and military organizations, brass bands, and historical and industrial floats representing the early settlement, progress, and present advancement of the West. Cincinnati, which prides itself on its pageants, was able to say that this was the finest thing of the kind ever held in the Ohio Valley. In the evening, in Music Hall, addresses were made by John Sherman and Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio, and John C. Burrows, of Michigan. The day was closed by a display of fire-works and more noise.

The attendance at the Exposition was fully as large as had been expected, although most of Cincinnati was too busy with the patriotism of the day to care particularly for the show inside the buildings. The visitors, who descended upon the city in scores of excursion trains, had the Exposition practically to themselves. The excursion train will be a feature of the Exposition during the summer, as the Commissioners naturally depend upon the people in the surrounding country to make the affair a financial success. The Western railroads are quick to see the advantage of low excursion rates in a matter of this kind. If their efforts count for anything, the Exposition will be crowded daily during the summer. When the exhibits are all in place, and everything about the show is running smoothly, the Commissioners will work upon a systematic plan to bring people into the city. As they do things in a thorough-going manner when they set about it, there is a good chance that the city will retain its holiday appearance until well along toward the last of October.

The opening of the Exposition was in every way creditable, although it would have been much more complete had the exhibits all been in place and the new buildings finished. What with the noise, the fireworks, the exercises in Music Hall, and the street pageant, the Exposition received a start that ought to keep it moving along briskly the rest of the season.

William Willard Howard.

A COURTSHIP AT SEDGECOMB'S CORNER.

By SOPHIE SWETT.

Mr. Lot Sedgecomb sat upon his porch in the coolness of the summer evening. A light breeze stirred the foliage above him, and in the moonlight gently swaying shadows shifted over the grass. The crickets chirped in a peaceful monotone. A nestling bird uttered now and then a drowsy note. But Mr. Sedgecomb's soul was not attuned to nature's harmonies. The new Boston store that had arisen at Sedgecomb's Corner, where Sedgecomb's store had enjoyed a monopoly of trade for almost thirty years, had disturbed him deeply. It was of novel and ornamental architecture, it glittered with gay paint and plate-glass windows, and it displayed tempting goods marked conspicuously with fabulously low prices. The stream of trade had set with such force toward the Boston store that only a few little trickles now found their way to Sedgecomb's. Even the town gossip had changed its head-quarters from the dingy porch of Sedgecomb's to the boxes and barrels and invitingly low counters of the Boston store. Of course something of a reaction might be expected, especially in the matter of gossip. Some of the old *habitués* of Sedgecomb's were already returning. Cap'n 'Siah Mitchell, the veteran story-teller of the town, declared that he "hadn't no flow of language where things was so new and strange"; and other ancient townsmen, whose chief occupation was to "set in the store," missing that seasoning and *bouquet* which a country store, like wine, acquires only with age, or feeling habit reassert its power as curiosity was satiated and the splendors of the Boston store palled upon the senses, came, one by one, shamefacedly dropping back, all, after the first flush of embarrassment was over, stretching themselves at ease and showing extraordinarily good spirits.

But this meant only a very small trade, chiefly in tobacco and lemons and cough drops. Social prestige was something, but Lot Sedgecomb was a practical man. The thrifty house-keepers of Sedgecomb's Corner were not to be drawn by sentimental considerations from those astonishingly low prices. And Sedgecomb's did not know how to compete with them. The nimble sixpence theory had never recommended itself to Lot Sedgecomb's mind, and he felt unable to adjust himself to new business methods.

"Them fellers have got ahead of me—they have, and no mistake," he acknowledged to himself, referring to the proprietors of the Boston store. "It seems kind of hard, comin' right along after that clothes-pin factory burned down, jest the day after the insurance run out (if I hadn't been growin' forgetful I never should 'a' let it run out), and after Moody Giles got the better of me in that lawsuit, and my best hoss fell through the barn floor and got hung somehow by his halter, and that hogshead of molasses all leaked out, and—" The list of casualties went on to a round dozen.

"'Tain't as if I never met with no misfortunes before," he continued, after an interval of gloomy reverie. "But when there was a leak I could 'most always find a way to stop it, or if there wa'n't no way to do that, I could set some other stream to runnin' in and kind of offset it. Don't seem as if there was nothin' for me to turn my hand to. When I was young I didn't think nothin' of workin' half the night at extry jobs, and that's how I come to get ahead. I sha'n't take a mite of comfort now till I've found an extry job. I used to think I should invent something, but somebody always seemed to have got ahead of me. There's a sight of money made that way, made clean and easy, and not tedious, like keepin' store. Good-evenin', Mis' Hills. Lury she's gone down along with some of the girls, and I was enjoyin' the cool of the evenin'."

"Folks is lucky that can, and hain't got rheumatism," said Mrs. Hills, dejectedly.

"I have had a twinge or two 'long back, but I never feel afraid of its pesterin' me this time of year," said Mr. Sedgecomb.

"It comes all times nowadays. Young folks, and even children, has it now. I've jest been in to Marthy Judge's, and I declare if she ain't all out of the Exterminator. There ain't nothin' else that ever done me a mite of good, and I declare if half the folks in this town won't be all worked up to think they can't get no more Exterminator. There wa'n't but a dozen bottles left when the elder died, and folks begun to come after 'em before the funeral. That's the way with some folks. She didn't tell me who they was, but I'll resk but what I could put my finger on some of 'em. As for me, I'd ruther have my bones a-twingin' than my conscience. Some folks thinks if they get cured for nothin' there's more clear gain to it than if they never was sick. Elder Judge had ought to 'a' charged for the Exterminator, but he thought it wa'n't godly. Bein' he was a minister, he said he thought he'd ought to do all the good he could without money and without price. Them old-fashioned ideas ain't very pop'lar now. Seems as if you couldn't be real godly in this world without bein' took advantage of. I told Marthy she'd ought to 'a' sold them dozen bottles that was left for a good price. I'm one that's willin' to pay, and I wouldn't asked to have nothin' took off for bein' connections by marriage and belongin' to the same persuasion."

"What did Marthy say?" asked Mr. Lot Sedgecomb, in an interested tone, and crossing and recrossing his lean legs nervously.

"Oh, she said she couldn't 'a' done such a thing; her father wouldn't 'a' liked it. I told her she'd ought to keep right on makin' it, and sell it. Why, folks has made fortunes out of medicine that wa'n't half so good as that. But that hurt her feelin's awfully; she said she couldn't bear to make it anyhow, it would make her think so much of her father—he was always potterin' round—and she knew he wouldn't like for her to sell it. Marthy's a Christian, if ever there was one, and she's got real firm princerples too, and good in sickness, but she ain't one that ever had much gumption. She's got her little place there, and she'll raise poultry and take in sewin', when she can get it, and kind of keep along and be jest as contented as if she was rich. Well, mebbe it's jest as well that we ain't all of us got ambition; but I declare I'd give consid'able for a bottle of Exterminator!"

Mr. Sedgecomb sat watching Mrs. Hills's shrouded figure until long after it was lost in the night.

"I wish I'd asked her whether she was sure that Marthy had the recipe," he murmured. "I didn't seem to darst to: it ain't never best to give women-folks an inklin' of what's goin' on in your mind. I don't expect, now, that Marthy Judge would sell that recipe if she's got it, and I ain't sure that it would be worth much in figgers, so to speak; but it's something there's a demand for, and money has been made that way. It's kind of a comfortable state bein' a widower. I never calc'lated to change it; if I had, I expect I might have looked for proputty. But I declare I don' know but what there's full as much satisfaction in a chance to make money; it's kind of inspirin'."

He struck a match, and looked at his huge, old-fashioned watch.

"Half past eight; it's gettin' late; mebbe I'd better put it off. But like as not somebody 'll get ahead of me if I do. There's a bright light in her settin'-room winder."

He carefully climbed the stone wall between his orchard and the garden of the late Elder Judge.

The clicking of a sewing-machine made a discord in the soft harmonies of the summer night, and drowned the feeble sound of the old-fashioned knocker, until Mr. Sedgecomb nerved himself to seize it with a resolute hand, and the machine reaching the end of the seam at the same time, Martha Judge jumped from her chair at the clang that resounded through the house.

"The front door at this time of night!" she exclaimed. "I expect it's a case of sickness."

She held the kerosene lamp high above her head as she opened the door. She was a little woman, with a trim, although slightly stooping, figure, and a youthful look about her face and head, in spite of the tracks of time and the "hateful crow."

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Sedgecomb! There ain't anything the matter with Lury?" she asked, anxiously.

Mr. Sedgecomb found himself struggling desperately for ease of manner. "Oh no, nothin' but beaux, and I expect she'll get over them," he said, facetiously.

The little spinster set her lips firmly together. She did not approve of Mr. Sedgecomb's treatment of Lury in the matter of beaux, and she was quite willing that he should know it. Lury had poured into Miss Martha's gentle and sympathetic bosom the story of his prejudice against Frank Giles, because he had been beaten in a lawsuit by Frank's father, and because, forsooth! Frank was poor. Martha by nature loved a love affair and hated a stern parent, and they mingled their tears. Mr. Sedgecomb had never presented himself to Martha's mind in any other guise than that of a grasping and miserly man—his general reputation—and an unkind father. As she tightened her lips it occurred to her that he had probably come to remonstrate with her for giving bad advice to his daughter.

"Lury has gone out, and I was feelin' kind of lonesome, and seein' your light in the winder, thinks I I'll go over and set a spell with Miss Judge."

He said this almost as easily as if it were a matter of habit with him to come over and "set a spell," although the fact was that there had been very little neighborly feeling between him and the late Elder Judge, whom he had regarded as shiftless and simple.

Martha led the way silently to her little sitting-room, and rocked herself in a low hair-cloth rocking-chair while she waited for him to open the conversation. This touch of grimness in Martha's ordinarily meek and conciliatory manner was disconcerting to her caller. He shifted his legs a great many times, surveying them critically, and brushing off imaginary specks of dust.

"Hens layin' tol'rable well?" he asked at length, with an assumption of deep interest.

"Tolerably well," replied Martha, and was immediately seized with pangs of conscience; for were not the hens with fatal persistency refusing to lay at all, except the old Plymouth Rock, which *would* set?

"I 'ain't seen you more'n once or twice since your father died. Miss him consid'able, I expect? That makes me think. I have had some twinges of rheumatism, and I would like a bottle or two of that Extermernator."

"There ain't any left. There was more'n a dozen bottles, but folks came after it. There was always a great demand for it." There was pride in the little spinster's tone.

"You don't say that there ain't a mite of it? Well, I should 'most think you'd feel it to be a duty to make some yourself, bein' folks don't know how to get along without it. Got the recipe, I expect?"

"I—I couldn't bear to; I expect it's foolish, but I couldn't." The thin corners of Martha's mouth twitched, and on the small, large-jointed, toil-worn hands that lay in her black lap one or two irrepressible tears fell.

"Seems a pity you should feel so. It might be worth a little something to you."

"I couldn't make money out of it; *he* never did. He wouldn't like that, I know."

"It seems as if it wouldn't be no worse to let sufferin' folks pay a little something for it than to go without it," said Mr. Sedgecomb, with pitiless logic.

"But I expect there's other things just as good, Mr. Sedgecomb," said Martha, appealingly. "Folks were sure to think a good deal of what father made."

"The name might be kept up: Elder Judge's World-Renowned Pain Extermernator," said Mr. Sedgecomb, meditatively. And then he remembered himself, with a little start, and returned to the subject of the hens, giving Martha a happy opportunity to restore her conscience to its integrity by explaining their remissness in the matter of laying. And then he taxed his wits for a natural way of returning to the subject of the Exterminator long enough to discover whether she really possessed the recipe. "I expect there's damp weather a-comin'," he remarked, after a pause. "Seems as if I was goin' to feel my rheumatism a-twingin'. Seems as if you *would* make a bottle or two of that medicine, Miss Judge, if you had the recipe."

"I couldn't. Oh, Mr. Sedgecomb, I wish you wouldn't ask me! I am sure you can find something else that will help you."

"She's got it," said Mr. Sedgecomb to himself, shrewdly. "She wouldn't speak like that if she hadn't. But there ain't but one way to get it, *that's* plain enough." But having come to this conclusion, the store-keeper was suddenly conscious of being face to face with an enormous difficulty. It seemed an easy matter to ask a meek little spinster to marry, especially when she would in all probability jump at the chance, but it was so out of his line. Mr. Sedgecomb explained to himself he felt himself as unadaptable to the situation as to the new-fangled methods of the Boston store. He was conscious of being as stiff and clumsy mentally as he had been bodily only the other day before the high picket-fence that was but a joy in his boyhood. "I'd ought to have thought what I should say beforehand," he said to himself, desperately. "Somebody 'll get ahead of me as sure as fate.—I guess, mebbe, I'd better be goin'," he said, sadly, thinking of the Exterminator with a pang of relinquishment.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Martha, with more cordiality than she had hitherto shown, as cordiality often displays itself at this period of a formal visit.

It was this, or some more subtle, inexplainable influence that gave Mr. Sedgecomb a sudden inspiration. He never read novels; he often reproved his daughter for wasting time upon them; but he had one day picked up one of hers which lay open at a love scene, and he remembered at this juncture the way in which the hero (metaphorically speaking) approached his picket-fence. It had the merit of brevity and conciseness. It might be the proper thing.

"Marthy, I love you!" said Mr. Sedgecomb. He said it with the promptness and energy with which he would have fired a pistol at a retreating burglar, but his voice was husky, and he showed other signs of being deeply moved.

Martha jumped, and stared at him incredulously with dilated eyes. She was afraid she was dreaming; she hoped her mind wasn't going. From her youth she had been in the habit of going through with imaginary scenes, in which a hero addressed her in such words as these. Her conscience often reproached her for these vain imaginings as a frivolous waste of time. She felt a vague terror now lest her punishment had come upon her in the shape of a loss of the boundary line between dream and reality. She *must* be dreaming now, and yet there sat Mr. Sedgecomb, looking extremely red and perturbed; he was surely reality, for she never would have put him into a dream, and he was evidently waiting for an answer.

"It doesn't seem as if you *could* mean me, Mr. Sedgecomb. It's a great honor," she faltered.

"Well, I *can* take care of a wife," said Mr. Sedgecomb, complacently, "though I ain't rollin' in riches, as some folks seems to think."

"I'm sure you would, and—and it must be very nice to be taken care of," murmured Martha, thinking far less of the pecuniary side of the matter than her wooer could have believed possible. "I should 'most have thought you would have looked for a younger and handsomer wife," said Martha.

"Oh, I never was one to set a great sight by looks," said Mr. Sedgecombe, cheerfully. And then, being not too obtuse, after all, to see that Martha winced, he added, hastily and warmly, "Sence I was afflicted, Marthy, there 'ain't never been a woman that I've wanted to marry but jest you."

After that it seemed as if she *couldn't* say anything but yes, as Martha afterward confided to a friend. This friend, who was Miss Angely Batterson, of Sedgecomb Village, said there was one thing she couldn't find out, though she would have given *anything*, and that was whether Mr. Sedgecomb kissed her. And on this point it seems proper that Miss Martha's historian should be no less discreet than herself. But certain it is that they parted as betrothed lovers, Mr. Sedgecomb manfully restraining himself from any allusion to the Exterminator.

When her visitor was gone, Martha dropped into her hair-cloth rocking-chair, and rocked vigorously, as she always did when she was perturbed in mind.

"He can't be so graspin', or he'd be lookin' for proputty in a wife. But it's what folks think of him, and it's what I thought of him till night before last. I declare it seems like a dream. I wonder that I never noticed that he'd took a fancy to me, but then I never once thought of him in that kind of a way. Bein' afraid my hens would scratch up his garden, and he'd make me pay damages, is the only way my mind was ever took up with him, and lately bein' kind of mad with him 'count of Lury. He ain't a mite like—like the kind of folks I've imagined sayin' they set by me." Martha heaved one sigh to the memory of her vanished ideals. "But then life ain't, nor can't be expected to be, like pictered imaginations. Well, it's a tryin' world as ever was, but I was gettin' to feel kind of cheerful and contented before he come. I declare there's old Mis' Giles comin' up the road, and I don't feel a mite like seein' anybody. Folks do pester me so about that medicine. Seems as if I couldn't hear any more about it. I know what I *will* do, and then I can say I haven't got any recipe."

She hurried to the old secretary in the corner, lifted the lid, and drew out an old hide-bound book, evidently of home manufacture. Its contents, consisting of printed scraps cut from papers, penned quotations, and original remarks, were a curious mixture; there were directions for the cure of cattle and the cure of souls, for the putting to rout of the potato-bug and of the great enemy of mankind; there was original poetry on the same page with an incomplete plan for an improved incubator for poultry, and notes for a sermon mingled with a recipe for soap. Worldly and spiritual lore mingled not inharmoniously in the elder's ancient note-book, and in the record of a simple circumscribed soul and narrow patient life there was something to reverence as well as to smile at. Certainly Martha, even in her haste, lifted it with reverent as well as tender hands. There was the Exterminator recipe on the same page with others of less renown. She drew a pen across it hastily, but effectually.

"Now I can tell 'em I haven't got the recipe," she said to herself. "There ain't any need of my sayin' whether I know how to make it or not. I'm afraid I'm growin' to be a dretful wicked, prevaricatin' woman; but I be so tried."

"That old maid ain't takin' no care at all of her pesky hens these few days back," called Elviry, Mr. Sedgecomb's house-keeper and maid of all work. "They've scratched up all them new peas you planted, and now they're to work in the flower beds. She'd ought to have a piece of somebody's mind."

"I'll shoot every blamed one of 'em," shouted Mr. Sedgecomb. "Hain't I told her enough times— Oh, land! how *could* I have forgot!" His arms dropped weakly to his side. "I hadn't forgot that gettin' married was hangin' over me, but it had kind of slipped my mind who 'twas to. But a man don't get a chance to make a fortune for nothin'," he added, gathering himself together with an effort.—"I'll jest step over to Miss Judge's and speak to her about 'em, Elviry," he called.

It was a good excuse. He had hitherto felt obliged to call upon Martha in the shades of evening to escape remark, especially that of his own household—a necessity which was very annoying to him.

"It's terrible tryin' to a man that ain't no handier about courtin' than I be," he sighed.

The door of Martha's house was half-way open, after the primitive fashion of Sedgecomb's Corner, where there was no fear of thieves, and the "unhandy" wooer walked in. There was no one in the sitting-room. Martha had perhaps gone to the rescue of her hens. He sat down and waited, feeling that it might be embarrassing to join her; it was very difficult to restrain his feelings about those hens. When some moments had passed, and she had not returned, he came to the conclusion that she had "gadded" to some neighbor's. He looked around the neat little room, and took a mental inventory of its furnishings. As his eyes fell on the old secretary, a thought struck him—the elder had kept all his papers there; they were probably there now. He lifted the desk lid, and almost the first thing he saw was the old hide-bound note-book. A glance into its pages told him that it was very likely that the recipe for the Exterminator was there. He turned the pages hastily, keeping a stealthy lookout for Martha's approach. Here it was: "Recipe for Pain Exterminator, Invented by Timothy Judge, and blessed by God to the Amelioration of much Suffering." Immediately under this heading several lines had been crossed out with a pen, probably because they were incorrectly written, thought Mr. Sedgecomb, for the whole recipe seemed to follow, the directions being so minute that even a child could have made it. Hurriedly Mr. Sedgecomb scribbled the recipe down upon a blank leaf of his pocket-book; and then, as there were still no signs of any one's coming, he stole softly from the house.

Meanwhile Martha had watched his departure from behind the currant bushes, and had slipped into the house. "I couldn't bear to see him, anyhow. I felt as if I couldn't the last time; and then to hear him holler about the hens! It's a providence that he didn't stay longer, it's so damp behind those currant bushes. Seems as if I must get rid of havin' him, somehow; but it ain't consistent to break my word, and I expect there'd be a terrible scandal about it. There *is* one way, if I could bring myself to it. I don't *think* he'd ever come nigh me again. It might bring a reproach upon my Christian perfession; but such things ain't thought of as they were once, and I *am* such an object!" She stepped to the looking-glass, and removed at one fell swoop all the luxuriant waves and braids of brown hair which gave a youthful look to her face and head. Her head was for the most part bare; here and there, like oases in the desert, were small, closely shaven patches of iron-gray hair. "It's an awful thing to do. I feel as if I should faint away doin' it, but for the sake of gettin' rid of marryin' him—"

She kept herself "nerved up" for the desperate deed she contemplated for three or four days, but her *fiancé* did not appear.

"Mebbe he's got sick of his bargain without my doin' it. I should be an awful humble, thankful cretur if it was so," she said to herself.

One day Mrs. Hills—the same who was responsible for dropping the hint that Lot Sedgecomb had so vigorously acted upon—dropped in for a morning call.

"There! if you *'ain't* lost a chance, Marthy!"

she exclaimed. "You wouldn't have caught Lot Sedgecomb to touch that Exterminator if there hadn't been money in it. He's got a great advertisement in the paper, and placards on the fences and in his store window, all sayin', 'Elder Judge's Pain Exterminator, the World-Renowned Cure for Rheumatism.' They say he makes out that your father give him the recipe before he died. I should think anything so valuable had ought to have been kept in the family."

Martha stared at her visitor in round-eyed astonishment. "Well, I never!" she exclaimed at length, dropping into a chair, as if overcome with astonishment. "It wa'n't a mite like father."

"He'll make a sight of money out of it. You'd ought to have listened to me when I advised you to make it yourself, Marthy. Well, poor human bein's are short-sighted."

Martha seemed too dazed to listen to this Job's comforter. "It wa'n't a mite like father," she said to herself a dozen times that afternoon. And as she arose from her solitary, scarcely tasted dinner, she said aloud, "I *should* have thought he would have just spoke to me about it before he made it."

Glancing out at the window she saw Tommy Giles running across the field to Dr. Gillespie's. When he came back she called to him, "Is anybody sick at your house, Tommy?"

"'Ain't you heard? It's grandma. She's awful sick—poisoned, or something, with *his* rheumatism medicine." Tommy jerked his head in the direction of Mr. Sedgecomb's house. "There's three doctors there now. One doctor took the stuff all apart, and he says there's things in it that they put in hair-dye and those things—*orfle* poison! It isn't Exterminator at all. And he's goin' to be took up." Another jerk of Tommy's head indicated Mr. Sedgecomb.

"I declare I don't know what to make of things, but it's no wonder he hasn't come nigh me," Martha said to herself.

But a few minutes afterward she heard the click of the garden gate, and looking out saw Mr. Sedgecomb coming up the path.

"I don't know as there's any need of my doin' it, but a promise is a promise, and if he *should* expect me to keep it I believe I should die."

She looked up and down the road; there was no one else in sight. She opened the door to Mr. Sedgecomb with her head all bereft of its crowning glory. He lifted an anxious gaze to hers, but it was an absent one so far as her personality was concerned. She saw with amazement that he did not even "take in" her head.

"I s'pose you've heard that I've got into some trouble about that—that Extermernator," he said. "I done it jest accordin' to the recipe. There wa'n't anything that could go wrong about the mixin' or anything, was there? I calc'lated you'd know."

Martha set her lips together. "Nothing ever went wrong when father made it," she said.

"The ingrejunces was jest what the recipe calls for," he continued. "I should jest like to compare my recipe with yours, if you hain't no objections."

"I haven't got any recipe," said Martha.

"*You hain't got any?*" he repeated, in astonishment. "Why I—I thought your father kept all his recipes in that old book that used to be layin' on the secretary."

"It was there, but I crossed it out." He looked at her in a doubting, bewildered way, and she arose and produced the old note-book from the secretary. "There, you can see that I haven't got it," she said, holding the book open before him. "It was there—yes, I did leave the name of it there. I was in a hurry when I crossed it out, and I crossed out a line below it when I didn't mean to; that's the recipe for a hair renewer; it came acrost father how to make it, but he thought 'twas kind of ungodly and ministerin' to vanity, and he never let folks have any."

"A hair renewer!" gasped Mr. Sedgecomb. "P'ison stuff in it, I expect?"

"Probably it would be poison to take," said Martha.

"Oh, Miss Judge, that's how 'twas! I got hold of the wrong recipe! I can't jest exactly explain how. But if you *could* make it right with the Giles's—there ain't nobody else took any—tellin' 'em how the recipes was kind of run together—"

"But they wa'n't run together when father was alive, Mr. Sedgecomb," began Martha. She was slow, unquestionably, but something in his face stopped her.

"I didn't expect there was nothin' private about the book, and kind of lookin' round for something to take up my mind while you was out—You might tell 'em I'd pay whatever's right to kind of hush it up, folks is apt to be so uncharitable."

A bright idea had come to Martha along with her sense of being mistress of the situation. "I don't think they'd want to take money," she said. "They ain't that kind of people. But if old Mrs. Giles lives, and you should tell them that you will give your consent to Lury's marriage with Frank—"

"You tell 'em I will, you tell 'em!" he said, eagerly.

"They have felt very much hurt about that, you know. I think that will make things right."

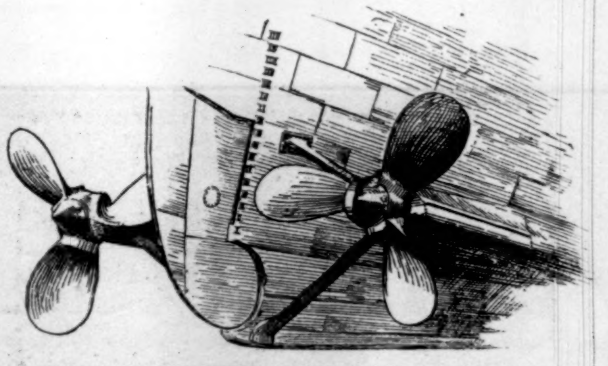
"And you'll do it? You'll tell 'em? Land! I hain't spoke to Moody Giles for twenty years."

"But you will now, won't you?" said Martha, feeling joyfully that she was restored to her proper sphere as a promoter of courtships for other people and a peace-maker.

"Land, yes, I will! I ain't one to bear a grudge forever," said Lot Sedgecomb, generously.

"And you—you won't expect me to marry you, Mr. Sedgecomb? It ain't altogether on account of this, but—but I ain't one of the marryin' kind."

A ray of real hope lighted Mr. Sedgecomb's dejected countenance. "If that's the way you feel now, I ain't the one to hold you to no promise," he said, heartily.



SECTION OF THE STERN OF THE "CITY OF NEW YORK."

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE ATLANTIC.

About the year 1840 an aged gentleman might have been seen seated by a brook, which babbled on its way to the Clyde, indulging in the boyish pastime of sailing little boats, to the wonder and sorrow of the passing farmers as he, with his hawsers of thread attached to the stems of his miniature vessels, dragged them against the streamlet's current one by one, watching their every bobbing movement in the eddies, and how the little wavelets washed and rippled along their little bows. Not till the sun had sunk low in the western horizon, and the water-rat crept out from his home on the banks to make his supper off the sedges, would he think of gathering up his toy barks and walking homeward to his residence in the city of Glasgow. The old gentleman, long gone to rest, was Mr. Napier, of Lancefield. His name will always be associated with the pioneer vessels of the now great Cunard fleet, and his boat-sailing experiments were made with the view of finding out what forms of vessel offered the least resistance to the water, and were best suited to breasting the great Atlantic waves.

The first vessel built for the newly formed company was the *Britannia*, and to comprehend fully the extraordinary change that has taken place in ship-building during the last forty-eight years, it is only necessary to compare the dimensions of the *Britannia* with those of the *Etruria* and the *Umbria*, the latest additions to the company's magnificent fleet. The *Britannia*, a wonder in her day, measured 207 feet in length, 34 feet in breadth, and 22 feet in depth; while her twin successors are each 502 feet long, 57 feet beam, and 38 feet deep, with a gross tonnage of 7718 tons. Company after company has come to the front with a fast steam-ship or two, "to beat the record," and, after forcing its rivals to build better and faster boats, has fallen back to second place in the race. Now it is the ill-fated Collins Line (American), which nearly drove the Cunarders off the Atlantic; now it is the Inman Line, with their swift-sailing *City of Berlin*, to be, in her turn, vanquished by the *Britannic*, of the White Star Line, which, eleven years ago, astonished the world by crossing the Atlantic in 7 days, 10 hours, 53 minutes—a passage which, it was thought by many at the time, could not well be improved upon. The great battle of speed, however, was but beginning. The Cunard Line, whose fastest ship was the *Gallia*, still held back, not favoring the idea of speedier vessels, with increased coal consumption; but the Guion Company won immediate renown and patronage by despatching their famous *Arizona* from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 7 days, 8 hours, and 6 minutes. Several other fast passages out and home having been registered, the gauntlet which the Guion Company had thus thrown down was certain to be picked up by one or more of the premier companies.

The reader interested in such matters may recall the triangular contest between the Cunard, the Inman, and the Guion lines in the summer of 1882, with their splendid vessels the *Servia*, the *City of Rome*, and the *Alaska*. It may be remembered how excitement ran high in regard to it in New York; how "pools" were formed in commercial haunts and restaurants, and the very steam-boat stokers themselves risked their hard-earned dollars on the vessel they considered most likely to beat the record. The upshot may be summarized in a few words. The *Servia*, in January, 1882, accomplished the homeward voyage in 7 days, 8 hours, and 6 minutes—the *Arizona's* time; the *City of Rome*, owing to defects connected with her machinery, proved a failure as regards speed, and though she has since made fast passages for the Anchor Company, under whose flag she now sails, her best performance for the Inman Line was 7 days, 15 hours, and 24 minutes from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, in April, 1882. The *Alaska*, in her early voyages, did not succeed in eclipsing the feats of the *Arizona*, the full steam-power not being applied; but in June, 1882, she went from New York to Queenstown in 6 days, 22 hours, and on September of the same year lowered the record to 6 days, 8 hours, and 37 minutes.

Not content, however, with the *Alaska's* performances, Mr. Pearce, the managing partner of the ship-building works of Messrs. John Elder & Company—now the Fairfield Ship-building and Engineering Company—built to his own order the ill-fated *Oregon*, which, under the Guion flag, further reduced the record in April, 1884, to 6 days, 8 hours, and 22 minutes—her fastest passage homeward to Queenstown being accomplished in 6 days, 10 hours, and 40 minutes. This magnificent ship, having been afterward acquired by the Cunard Company, was continuing to make splendid average runs for her new owners when she was sunk in collision with an American trading schooner off Fire Island. Most of the Atlantic companies were by this time inclined to cry "Enough," as each additional fast boat built lowered the value for passengers' service of one of the "ten-day average" steamers, and relegated many of them to the secondary rank of cargo-carriers. The Fairfield builder, however, had declared that he would improve upon the *Oregon's* passage; and with this end in view he determined upon laying the keel of a fresh ocean triumph, to be named the *Minnesota*. Before this could be done, however, the Cunard Company stepped in with the offer of an order for a large and fast steamer, which was accepted only on condition that two such ships should be taken, and hence we have those magnificent twin-ships the *Etruria* and the *Umbria*. The *Umbria*, having been fitted out for some time as an armed cruiser, has made comparatively few voyages, but has done the passage out in 6 days, 23 hours, and 38 minutes, and the homeward voyage in 6 days, 14 hours, and 3 minutes. Last May the *Etruria* fairly eclipsed the previous Atlantic records by crossing from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in 6 days, 4 hours, and 42 minutes. If the duration of the voyage has been lowered, however, it must be kept in mind that the reduction has been attained at a considerable increase in outlay. The *Arizona's* consumption of coal and oil per twenty-four hours is 160 tons and 40 gallons; the *Alaska's*, 224 tons and 60 gallons; the *Umbria* and the *Etruria* consume each 300 tons of South Wales coal, or 12½ tons per hour.

Of the German lines the two leading ones are the Hamburg-American Company, which possesses a fleet of twenty-seven ocean steamers, and is now building on the Clyde two new steamships of 10,000 tons and nineteen knots minimum speed, to be ready for service in the spring, and the North German Lloyd's, which trades between Bremen and New York, *viâ* Southampton. The latter line holds its own well with all competitors starting from the Mersey. All the nine ships of its fleet are triumphs of the Messrs. Elder's workmanship of the 5000-ton type. The latest addition to the North German Lloyd's fleet is the *Lahn*, of 6500 tons and 10,000 horse-power, which was launched early this year. The *Lahn* is 465 feet long, 49 feet broad, and 36½ feet deep. The *Lahn's* engines are of a new type, now introduced for the first time, its distinguishing feature being that the cylinders, of which there are five—working on to three cranks—are arranged, tandem fashion, with the high pressure above the low, and with a piston-rod common to both. *La Bourgogne*, the crack ship of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, was built near Toulon, at a cost, exclusive of her superb interior decoration, of $1,700,000. Like the other three recent additions to the same line, she is of 7000 tons, and has engines of 8000 horse-power. The *Lahn* and *La Bourgogne* are in the field already, and the *Etruria* will have to fight to retain the championship, which is to be challenged by a wonderful new ship to be sent out by her former owners in a few weeks from now, a certain marine "dark horse" of gigantic size and original construction, which has for the last few months been putting all the rival companies into a flutter of nervous anxiety.

It may be remembered that in the latter part of 1886 the old Inman Company was reconstructed under the name of the Inman & International Company, and a considerable amount of new blood infused into it. At present, the well-known *City of Berlin*, which recently received many improvements, is still the fastest vessel of the line, though the *City of Chicago* is the youngest, and is beautifully fitted up. Neither of these steamers, however, is qualified for a racer, though the four ships of the fleet keep up a very steady fifteen-knot average. The vessels of this company had for many years held a prominent place in the Atlantic trade, but recently the Cunard, Guion, and White Star ships had managed to distance them in the matter of speed, and as the travelling public, as a rule, go to the fastest ships, it became necessary that the new company, if they wished to maintain their old reputation, should lay down some new ships, able to compete on equal terms with the best ships now running. This they have done by such a "daring departure" in naval architecture that the future conduct of the steel twin-screw steamer *City of New York*, the name given to the new leviathan by Lady Randolph Churchill, on March 15th of this year, will be watched with more than ordinary interest by the whole civilized world. The *City of Paris*, now building by the same company, is to be the name of the other vessel, both being the products of the ship-building yard of Messrs. Thomson, Clydebank. To give an idea of the dimensions of these vessels, it may be mentioned that the *City of New York* is fully 2000 tons gross register over anything afloat, except the *Great Eastern*, the latter being fully 22,000 tons, 697 feet long, 82½ feet broad, and 58½ feet deep. The *Servia*, launched from the Thomsons' yard for the Cunard Line, has a gross tonnage of over 8000 tons; but the *City of New York* is 2500 tons larger than the *Servia*, 2340 than the *City of Rome*, and 2723 than the *Umbria* and the *Etruria*. Her length over all is 580 feet, breadth 63½ feet, and depth (moulded) 42 feet, with a gross tonnage of 10,500, and an expected effective horse-power of 16,000.

In contracting for those two vessels the company laid down two conditions to the builders: first, that they were to be unsinkable; and second, that the internal arrangements were to approximate more nearly to those of a modern hotel than to those of the present steamships. To carry out the first of these conditions the owners and builders have, in addition to minutely subdividing the vessel, arranged that no bulkhead in the ship shall have a door below the level of the upper deck. In this way, and in this way only, can the benefits of minute subdivisions be insured, because if in any emergency, such as happened to the *Oregon*, the safety of the ship depends upon the shutting of water-tight doors, the safety may vanish just at the time it is required. In this respect these vessels mark a new departure in the question of the safety of ships at sea, and many changes in the internal arrangements are, of course, necessitated by the adoption of this principle. The number of complete transverse water-tight bulkheads, all of which are without doors, is fourteen; so that the average length of each compartment is thirty-five feet, a little more than one-half the breadth of the vessel. But the large dimensions of these ships render even such a compartment one of considerable size, so that there will be no possibility of cramped spaces, and the subdivision is such that the ship would remain perfectly sea-worthy with any two, or even three, of her compartments flooded. Again, to reduce the risk of a break-down in the machinery, these vessels are being fitted with two sets of triple expansion engines, each set driving a separate screw, and capable of propelling the vessel at about four-fifths of her maximum speed. The engines are in two separate compartments, and the boilers in three, so that the whole moving power of the ship is thus divided into five compartments, completely cut off from one another. This unbroken subdivision of the ship has also an incidental advantage in making them fire-proof, as the spread of a fire would be confined to one apartment. While, therefore, the vessels are well provided against the effects of collision, they are also very much better able to avoid collision by having two sets of machinery, one of which can be readily reversed while the other is going ahead, thus turning the vessel in the shortest possible time. But, in addition to this turning power, the improved rudder of her builders, which has given such remarkable results in the Spanish cruiser lately finished on the Clyde, has been adopted in these vessels, for the first time on the Atlantic, with the view of still further increasing their chances against collision. This new steering-gear, which is wholly underneath the water, is a huge mass forming part of the ship and partaking of its shape. It is pivoted on the bottom and inside the ship, near the water-line, and adds wonderfully to the turning and manœuvring capacity of the vessel.

The vessels have each five decks—promenade, upper, main, lower, and orlop, the latter being devoted to cargo stowage; and in all two thousand people can be accommodated by each vessel. The first-class passengers will occupy the centre of the vessel, the second-class will be between the stern and the centre, and the emigrants will occupy the two ends of the vessel. The steamers are fitted with a magnificent saloon on the upper deck, the roof being in the form of a great dome, with a spring of twenty feet. Eight feet is usually the space between any two decks in even the largest steamers—too small a space for artistic effect. The Messrs. Thomson have, therefore, taken the height of *three* decks, and formed an arch, the top of which is parallel with the houses on the weather deck. The top of the dome is formed of ornamental stained glass one and a half inches thick, and supported on a strong steel structure covered with ornamental wood, so that the appearance of the interior of the saloon is that of an immense dining-hall in a hotel. The side alcoves leading off from this dome are ten feet in height, and fitted to accommodate small dinner parties. The second-class saloon is also on the upper deck, but toward the after end, and is fitted up in about the ordinary style of a first-class saloon in an Atlantic steamer. These are the most striking features in these vessels, but they have necessitated many other smaller novelties, which will place them, in the matter of convenience and comfort, far ahead of anything which has been done before.

One point of great importance has received particular attention in these vessels—that is, the question of draught of water. It is not an uncommon thing for some of the fastest vessels to make a quick passage across the Atlantic, and then to have to throw away several hours by waiting outside the harbor bar either at New York or Liverpool. With the view of avoiding such a contingency, these vessels have been designed to a light draught, but as it is necessary to have proper immersion for their screws, the lightness of draught necessary for crossing the bar will be obtained by the use of water ballast in the double bottom which has been fitted throughout their length, and which has a capacity for 1500 tons of water, available for purposes of immersion or stability at the wish of the commander. It is anticipated that by the adoption of the precautions of light draught and ample turning power, the vessels will never have to wait outside the bar at New York. Another point to be especially noticed is, that though the vessels are considerably larger than anything now running in the world, the improvements which have been made in machinery since the time the fastest liners were built will enable the owners of the *City of New York* and her twin-sister vessel to run them with less coal consumption than the very much smaller vessels now running, while the space available for cargo is very much increased.

PROMENADE DECK OF THE NEW TWIN SCREW STEAMSHIP "CITY OF

NEW YORK," OF THE INMAN LINE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 511.]

THE SPANISH ARMADA ADVANCING UP THE CHANNEL.
FROM THE TAPESTRY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

By ROBERT HAY.

EXACTLY three centuries ago the fate of western Europe, and therefore of this North American continent, was suspended on the success or failure of a warlike expedition the like of which had never before been seen. A struggle had long been going on between two parties, of which religion was the basis. It was the age of the Protestant and Catholic contest. With Protestantism were allied all tendencies to liberalism of thought and speech and reformation of old abuses in government. With Catholicism were linked mental servility and the methods of despotism. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572 was a victory for Catholicism, the revolt in the Netherlands and the independence of Holland was one for Protestantism. The execution of MARY of Scotland in February, 1587, was another advance for the liberal side, but it served as reason for vigorous efforts on the side of Catholicism. In this ninth decade of the century the struggle between England on one side and Spain on the other culminated.

ELIZABETH of England had aided the Huguenots in France against their Catholic princes, and the Dutch against the despotism of PHILIP of Spain. PHILIP, who had been husband to ELIZABETH's half-sister, Queen MARY, had tried to keep England on his side by asking ELIZABETH to marry him. But besides declining that honor she had helped his rebel subjects against him, so PHILIP's regard for her and her country became a settled hate, and when the death of MARY STUART occurred at Fotheringay Castle the gloomy tyrant added that event to the motives urging him to be revenged on England. The feeling was fully reciprocated. The burnings in MARY's reign were associated in the minds of Englishmen with the name of her husband, and the treatment of English vessels that ventured to trade in the West Indies was systematically barbarous. The people of the English coast took their revenge when they could, and English traders thought the plundering of Spanish ships a good deed. FRANCIS DRAKE, in the *Pelican*, went round the world, and brought back great booty, the plunder of Spanish treasure-ships. The Spanish ambassador demanded that it should be given up to him. It never was. The account of this treasure was only made, after a part of it had been secreted and ten thousand pounds appropriated by DRAKE, by order of the Queen. When made, the inventory showed twenty tons of silver and five blocks of gold, each eighteen inches long (other dimensions not given), and pearls and precious stones uncounted.

All these things combined to make PHILIP at length decide on the invasion of England. The island kingdom should become a province of Spain; the heretical nation should be conquered for the Church, and made submissive to the Pope. Two previous pontiffs had anathematized ELIZABETH, and now Pope SIXTUS repeated their excommunication, and promised PHILIP a million crowns, to be paid when the Spaniards were landed in England. In 1587 the dock-yards and arsenals of Spain were busy with preparations for the great enterprise. ALEXANDER FARNESE, Prince of Parma, PHILIP's lieutenant in the Netherlands, prepared to lead an army from those provinces for the invasion of England. Count MANSFELD, one of the greatest generals of the age, would command in Belgium during Parma's absence. SANTA CRUZ, the best seaman in Spain, would command the floating Armada that would carry PHILIP's power to Britain. The destination of this warlike armament was ostensibly kept secret, but it was manifest that only the invasion of the Protestant island warranted such preparation, or could justify PHILIP to himself in so straining the resources of his empire. The reputation of Parma as a leader was such, and the prospect of plunder so great, that the free lances of Europe came to offer their services. "On every road were met bodies of soldiers from Spain and Germany and Italy hastening to the place of rendezvous." The number was so great that Parma could leave 11,000 with MANSFELD and have 30,000 foot and 1800 horse for the invasion of England. The fleet from Spain would also bring 19,000 troops, besides its own equipment of 8000 seamen, and more than 2000 galley-slaves to tug at the oars of the ponderous galleons and galeases, which, with 2600 cannon, were to carry dismay to the hearts of the English. When all was ready, PHILIP called the Spanish fleet "The Invincible Armada." It was a proud name, in full keeping with the arrogant nature of its master. It was not destined to start, however, without some suggestions of disaster. In January, 1588, SANTA CRUZ died, and with his usual slowness, PHILIP was long in appointing his successor. Then he named the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a man of affairs, but totally unacquainted with the sea. Finally the Armada sailed from the Tagus in May, but a storm at the entrance of the Bay of Biscay scattered and damaged it, and Sidonia put into Corunna to refit. This delayed the expedition, and it was July before it was again at sea.

During 1587, while PHILIP was preparing, but war was not declared, ELIZABETH and her people were on the alert. Fruitless and probably insincere attempts to negotiate peace were made, but what was more to the purpose, DRAKE visited the Spanish coast, and destroyed ships in Cadiz and other harbors, and attacked castles. The militia of the English counties—every man from eighteen to sixty—was enrolled. A camp was established at Tilbury, on the Essex shore of the Thames. The trainbands of London were under arms. Members of an oath-bound association were ready to sacrifice their lives for the Queen. A special guard, under the command of her kinsman Lord HUNSDON, defended her person. The Roman Catholics, whose numbers were variously estimated at from one-third to one-half of the people, preferred their country to their religion, and disregarding the excommunication of the Pope, they sided with their Queen against Spain. As the head of their Church had, as far as his bulls could, dissolved the allegiance of her subjects, it was manifest that ELIZABETH could not entirely trust the Catholics; but she steadily set her face against the counsels of those who, fearing the disloyalty and numbers of the Romanists, advised that their leading men should be put to death or imprisoned. The Queen relied on their English stanchness, and found it there. They came forward voluntarily with men and money. The gentry came, bringing their tenantry to enroll under Protestant officers, and they themselves entered the ranks as volunteers. Some Catholic nobles fitted out ships at their own cost. Parliament made liberal provision for the land and sea forces, but the TUDOR parsimony was strong in ELIZABETH, and the victualling was bad and the ammunition scanty. Still the nation was alive. The militia, when all arrayed, was reckoned at 135,000, but against Parma's trained veterans would have had little show. But the raw levies trained with a will, and the plan of campaign would have made the march of the Spaniards, had they landed, through a desert. The land forces were enthusiastic, but it was recognized by all that the island must be defended at sea. The maritime counties furnished their full legal quota of ships, and the nobility and gentry of those counties furnished many more. It was a curious coincidence that the English navy as well as the Spanish should be commanded by a Lord Admiral who was unacquainted with naval tactics. He was a Catholic too—Lord HOWARD of Effingham—but Sir FRANCIS DRAKE was his lieutenant, and men who had seen the polar ice and tropic palms were with him—FROBISHER, HAWKINS, and others who had no fear of Spanish galleons, and much love of Spanish plunder. When at last the Armada was approaching, Lord HOWARD had a fleet of forty ships at Plymouth, and there were nearly a hundred more at different places along the coast, but mostly of small size. As well as could be under the circumstances the insular kingdom, without a standing army, was ready for the mighty invasion.

"It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle
At earliest twilight on the waves, lie heaving many a mile."

This "gallant merchant-ship" was otherwise called a "bold pirate," whose master, one FLEMING, hoped by this service to earn pardon for his misdeeds. The news he brought found the officers of the fleet on shore on the evening of July 19, 1588. But before morning the Admiral's ships were warped out and ready for action. When day came the Spanish fleet was seen standing up the Channel before a favorable wind. The great Armada was disposed in the form of a crescent, whose convexity was eastward, and whose horns were seven miles apart. It was a noble sight. One hundred and thirty-five vessels of war (of which four were larger than the *Triumph*, and more than forty exceeded six hundred tons burden), and a score or more of other craft, with crowds of seamen, an army of trained soldiers, and an armament of 2600 guns. If English "hearts of oak" did not fear, they might well be anxious for the results of the encounter. Had Sidonia attacked the English in harbor he might have achieved some success, but to his captains, who advised this course, he showed the positive instructions of PHILIP, not to fight till he had convoyed Parma's troops to England. MACAULAY's poem, already quoted, tells how the beacons blazed through England on that July night, and as they proceeded up the Channel the Spaniards saw "the warning radiance" night after night.

We say "night after night," for it was with labored slowness and much loss that the Armada advanced eastward for a whole week. When it had passed Plymouth, DRAKE, with his compeers, hung about the great Spanish flotilla, like incensed hornets round a bison, planting a broadside here, cutting off a slow sailer there, shivering to pieces entire banks of oars on the huge galeases, rendering them unmanageable, capturing treasure and ammunition, using their own powder against the Spaniards, and by quick movements avoiding the Spanish fire. So it was during all Saturday, the 20th. Then some respite and progress for the Spaniards on Sunday, as most of the English ships had to put into port for more ammunition. Then on Monday came the stinging hornets again. The Spanish guns being too high, they did but little damage to the English, and out of every cove and bay came ships and barges and cockle-boats to do battle for their country and find plunder for themselves. Another brief respite while more ammunition was sought by the English ships. And so, with much loss and discouragement, the Armada, after eight days, anchored in Calais Roads, and seemed to have a chance for rest and communication with Parma. But Parma's ports were partially closed by the Dutch, and English vessels under Lord SEYMOUR watched the others. Besides, the flat-bottomed boats were only available for transport in fine weather, and the breeze was stiffening to a gale. Up the Channel it was favorable; to the crossing from Dunkirk or the Scheldt it was opposed.

Then, as the ships lay at anchor on Sunday night, July 28th, the Spaniards close in shore, the English two miles to seaward, there were seen dark objects moving slowly over the dark water. They drifted down on the Spanish line "where the galleons lay thickest." Suddenly from each dark form shot up flame! Fire-ships were coming down on the Spanish vessels. These eight hulks, filled with combustible material, flaming from hull and spar and shroud, sent by DRAKE for serious damage, were a horrible terror to the Spaniards. Some time before, the Dutch had so destroyed a bridge of Spanish boats, and the fear of a like fate made the Armada captains cut their cables and run. They got out to sea as best they could, but HOWARD took advantage of the confusion, and twelve Spanish vessels were sunk, driven on shore, or captured. When daylight came they endeavored to return to their anchorage, but DRAKE willed otherwise. Then an attempt was made to beat back down the Channel, and this, too, failed. They then bore up north into the German Ocean, the wind compelling where the English might not have succeeded. HOWARD's fleet did some revictualling at Deal and Dover, and though the men were weary with continued watching, sick and faint with bad food and poisonous beer, their enthusiasm failed not. Once more the Armada was attacked, and this time it "fairly fled" before its assailants. Then Sidonia called a council of officers. There were now only eighty ships, and it was decided to go north to the Orkneys, and so back to Spain by the open Atlantic. HOWARD and DRAKE were still in pursuit, and Spanish ships were destroyed as far north as Flamborough Head, in Yorkshire, when lack of ammunition called the English off.

The wild waves did the rest. Beaten and discouraged, with more than a third of his Armada lost, Sidonia sailed away into stormy seas. On the wild shores of Morven the great galleon *Florida* was wrecked; others on the Outer Hebrides. On the coast of Lancashire a rock that only shows its head above low water once in a hundred years did deadly work on a Spanish ship. The stormy coasts of Wales and of the Isle of Man had their victims, and CHARLES KINGSLEY vividly describes how the *Santa Catarina* went to pieces on Lundy. It was on the coast of Ireland, however, that most damage was done to the scattered Armada. Many vessels were wrecked, and what was far worse, the natives refused water or other succor to starving mariners, and mercilessly butchered those who swam ashore, or were cast up by the waves alive. In one district the dead bodies so treated were counted by thousands within a few miles. One vessel with a number of youths, scions of the noblest houses in Spain, was sheltered for a time and put to sea again, and then was beaten to pieces on a rock in a bay near the Giant's Causeway, under the cliffs of Bengore Head. The names of "Spanish Rock," "Spanish Bay," "Spanish Organ," are memorials of that dread time, which the visitor to that grand coast hears in connection with traditions now grown somewhat mythical.

Sidonia took to Spain a remnant of the "Invincible Armada" twice vanquished: teased, worried, scared, beaten by English seamanship; scattered, broken, destroyed by the storms of the Atlantic and the rugged shores of the British Isles. "The cry that went up from the Peninsula was as the cry of the Egyptians when the destroying angel passed over the land. There was not a house where there was not one dead .... All the great seamen were lost. PHILIP had not a man left capable of directing maritime affairs." The cold-blooded tyrant received the news with equanimity, and gave public thanks that the loss was not total.

The English ships watched the Belgic coast for a time, but of course Parma's troops never attempted the invasion. Protestantism was safe in northern Europe. Spain was so damaged in its resources and prestige that it never recovered, and in little more than a century it had sunk to the rank of a third-rate power.

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "ALLAN QUATERMAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE TALE OF SIR JAMES DE LA MOLLE.

"Is that you, father?" said a voice, a very sweet voice, but one of which the tones betrayed the irritation natural to a healthy woman who has been kept waiting for her dinner. The voice came from the recesses of the dusky room in which the evening gloom had gathered deeply, and looking in its direction, Harold Quaritch could see the outline of a tall form sitting in an old oak chair with its hands crossed.

"Is that you, father? Really it is too bad to be so late for dinner—especially after you blew up that wretched Emma last night because she was five minutes after time. I have been waiting so long that I have almost been asleep."

"I am very sorry, my dear, very," said the old gentleman, apologetically, "but—holloa! I've knocked my head. Here, Mary, bring me a light."

"Here is a light," said the voice, and at the same moment there was a sound of a match being struck.

In another moment the candle was alight, and the owner of the voice had turned round with it, holding it in such a fashion that its rays surrounded her like an aureole—showing Harold Quaritch that same face of which memory had never left him. There was the same powerful broad brow, the same nobility of look, the same brown eyes and soft waving hair. But the girlhood had gone out of it, the face was now the face of a woman, who knew what life was, and had not found it too easy. It had lost some of its dreaminess, he thought, though it had gained in intellectual force. As for the figure, it was much more admirable than the face, which was, strictly speaking, not a beautiful one. The figure, however, was undoubtedly beautiful, indeed it is doubtful if many women could show a finer. Ida De la Molle was a large, strong woman, and there was about her a swing and a lissome grace which is very rare, and as attractive as it is rare. She was now nearly six-and-twenty years of age, and not having begun to wither in accordance with the fate which overtakes nearly all unmarried women after thirty, was at her very best. Harold Quaritch, glancing at her well-poised head, her perfect bust and arms (for she was in evening dress), and her gracious form, thought to himself that he had never seen a nobler-looking woman.

"Why, my dear father," she went on as she watched the match burn up and held it to the candle, "you made such a fuss this morning about the dinner being punctually at half past seven, and now it is eight o'clock and you are not dressed. It is enough to ruin any cook," and she broke off for the first time, perceiving that her father was not alone.

"Yes, my dear, yes," said the old gentleman, "I dare say I did. It is human to err, my dear, especially about dinner on a fine evening. Besides, I have made amends and brought you a visitor, our new neighbor, Colonel Quaritch. Colonel Quaritch, let me introduce you to my daughter, Miss De la Molle."

"I think that we have met before," said Harold, in a somewhat nervous fashion, as he stretched out his hand.

"Yes," answered Ida, taking it, "I remember. It was in the long drift, five years ago, on a windy afternoon, when my hat blew over the hedge and you went to fetch it."

"You have a good memory, Miss De la Molle," said he, feeling not a little pleased that she should have recollected the incident.

"Evidently not better than your own, Colonel Quaritch," was her ready answer. "Besides, one sees so few strangers here that one naturally remembers them. It is a place where nothing happens—time passes, that is all."

Meanwhile the old Squire, who had been making a prodigious fuss with his hat and stick, which he managed to send clattering down the flight of stone steps, departed to get ready, saying in a kind of roar as he went, that Ida was to order in the dinner, as he would be down in a minute.

Accordingly she rang the bell, and told the maid to bring in the soup in five minutes, and to lay another plate. Then turning to Harold, she began to apologize to him.

"I don't know what sort of a dinner you will get, Colonel Quaritch," she said; "it is so provoking of my father, he never gives one the least warning when he is going to ask any one to dinner."

"Not at all—not at all," he answered, hurriedly. "It is I who ought to apologize, coming down on you like—like—"

"A wolf on the fold," suggested Ida.

"Yes, exactly," he went on, earnestly, "and in this coat, too."

"Well," she went on, laughing, "you will get very little to eat for your pains, and I know that soldiers always like good dinners."

"How do you know that, Miss De la Molle?"

"Oh, because of poor James and his friends whom he used to bring here. By-the-way, Colonel Quaritch," she went on, with a sudden softening of the voice, "you have been in Egypt, I know, because I have so often seen your name in the papers; did you ever meet my brother there?"

"I knew him slightly," he answered. "Only very slightly. I did not know that he was your brother, or indeed that you had a brother. He was a dashing officer."

What he did not say, however, was that he also knew him to have been one of the wildest and most extravagant young men in an extravagant

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1646.

regiment, and as such had to some extent shunned his society on the few occasions when he had been thrown in with him. Perhaps Ida, with a woman's quickness, divined from his tone that there was something behind his remark—at any rate, she did not ask him for particulars of their slight acquaintance.

"He was my only brother," she continued; "there never were but us two, and of course his loss was a great blow to me. My father cannot get over it at all, although—" and she broke off suddenly and rested her head upon her hand.

At this moment, too, the Squire was heard advancing down the stairs, shouting to the servants as he came.

"A thousand pardons, my dear, a thousand pardons," he said as he entered the room. "But—well, if you will forgive particulars, I was quite unable to discover the whereabouts of a certain necessary portion of the male attire. Now, Colonel Quaritch, will you take my daughter? Stop, you don't know the way—perhaps I had better show it to you with the candle."

Accordingly he advanced out of the vestibule, and turning to the left, led the way down a long passage till he reached the dining-room. This apartment was, like the vestibule, oak-panelled, but the walls were mostly decorated with family and other portraits, including a very curious painting of the castle itself as it was before its destruction in the time of Cromwell. This painting was executed on a massive slab of oak, and conceived in a most quaint and formal style, being relieved in the foreground with stags at graze and woodeny horses, that must, according to any rule of proportion, have been about half as large as the gateway towers. Evidently, also, it was of an older date than the present house, which is Jacobean, having probably been removed to its present position from the ruins of the old castle. Such as it was, however, it gave a very good idea of what the ancient seat of the Boisseys and De la Molles had been like before the Roundheads had made an end of its glory. The dining-room itself was commodious, though not large. It was lighted by three narrow windows which looked out upon the moat and bore a considerable air of solid comfort. The table, which was of extraordinary solidity and weight, made of black oak, was matched by a sideboard of the same material and apparently of the same date, both pieces of furniture being, Mr. De la Molle informed his guest, relics of the old castle.

On this sideboard were placed several pieces of very massive ancient plate, on each of which were rudely engraved three falcons *or*, the arms of the De la Molle family, one piece, indeed, a very ancient salver, bearing those of the Boisseys—a ragged oak, in an escutcheon of pretence—showing thereby that it dated from the De la Molle who in the time of Henry the Seventh had obtained the property by marriage with the Boissey heiress.

As the dinner, which was a very simple one, went on, the conversation having turned that way, the old Squire had this piece of plate brought by the servant-girl to Harold Quaritch for him to examine.

"It is very curious," he said. "Have you much of this, Mr. De la Molle?"

"No, indeed," he said; "I wish I had. It all vanished in the time of Charles the First."

"Melted down, I suppose," said the Colonel.

"No; that is the odd part of it. I don't think it was. It was hidden somewhere—I don't know where; or perhaps it was turned into money and the money hidden. But I will tell you the story if you like as soon as we have done dinner."

Accordingly, as soon as the servant had moved the cloth, and, after the old fashion, placed the wine upon the naked wood, the squire began his tale, of which the following is the substance:

"In the time of James I. the De la Molle family was at the height of its prosperity—that is, so far as money goes. For several generations previous the representatives of the family had withdrawn themselves from any active participation in public affairs, and, living here at small expense upon their lands, which were at that time very large, had amassed a quantity of wealth which, for the age, might fairly be called enormous. Thus, Sir Stephen De la Molle, the grandfather of the Sir James who lived in the time of James I., left to his son, who was also named Stephen, a sum of no less than twenty-three thousand pounds in gold. This Stephen was a great miser, and tradition says that he trebled the sum in his lifetime. Anyhow, he died rich as Crœsus, and abominated alike by his tenants and by the country-side, as might be expected when a gentleman of his name and fame degraded himself, as this Sir Stephen undoubtedly did, to the practice of usury.

"With the next heir, Sir James, however, the old spirit of the De la Molles seems to have revived, although it is sufficiently clear that he was by no means a spendthrift, but, on the contrary, a careful man, though one who maintained his station and refused to soil his fingers with such base dealing as it had pleased his uncle to do. Going to court, he became, perhaps on account of his wealth, a considerable favorite with James I., to whom he was greatly attached, and from whom he bought a baronetcy. Indeed, the best proof of his devotion is that he on two occasions lent large sums of money to the King, which were never repaid. On the accession of Charles I., however, Sir James left court under circumstances which were never quite cleared up. It is said that, smarting under some slight which was put upon him, he made a somewhat brusque demand for the money which he had lent to James. Thereon the King, with sarcastic wit, congratulated him on the fact that the spirit of his uncle, Sir Stephen De la Molle, whose name was still a byword in the land, evidently survived in the family. Sir James turned white with fury, bowed, and without a word left the court; nor did he ever return thither.

"Years passed, and the civil war was at its height. Sir James had as yet steadily refused to take any share in it. He had never forgiven the insult put upon him by the King, for, like most of his race, of whom it was said that they never forgave an injury and never forgot a kindness, he was a pertinacious man. Therefore he would not lift a finger in the King's cause. But still less would he help the Roundheads, whom he hated with a singular hatred. So time went, till at last, when he was sore pressed, Charles, knowing his great wealth and influence, brought himself to write a letter to this Sir James, appealing to him for support, and especially for money.

"'I hear,' said the King in his letter, 'that Sir James De la Molle, who was aforetyme well affected to our person, and more especially to the late King, our sainted father, doth stand idle, watching the growing of this bloody struggle and lifting no hand. Such was not the way of the race from which he sprang, which, unless history doth greatly lie, hath in the past been each found at the side of their kings striking for the right. It is said to me also that Sir James De la Molle doth thus place himself aside, blowing neither hot nor cold, because of some sharp words which we spake in heedless jest many a year that's gone. We know not if this be true, doubting if a man's memory be so long, but if so it be, then hereby do we crave his pardon, and no more can we do. And now is our estate one of grievous peril, and sorely do we need the aid of God and man. Therefore, if the heart of our subject Sir James De la Molle be not rebellious against us, as we cannot readily credit it to be, we do implore his present aid in men and money, of which last it is said he hath large store, this letter being proof of our urgent need.'

"These were, as nearly as I can remember, the very words of the letter, which was written in his own hand, and show pretty clearly how hardly he was pressed. It is said that when he read it, Sir James, forgetting his grievance, burst into tears, and taking paper, wrote hastily as follows, which last he certainly did, for I have seen the letter in the Museum.

"'MY LIEGE,—Of the past I will not speak. It is past. But since it hath graciously pleased your Majesty to ask mine aid against the rebels who would overthrow your throne, rest assured that all I have is at your Majesty's disposal, till such time as your enemies are discomfited. It hath pleased Providence to so prosper my fortunes that I have stored away in a safe place, till these times be past, a very great sum in gold, whereof I will at once place ten thousand pieces at the disposal of your Majesty, so soon as a safe means can be provided of conveying the same, seeing that I had sooner die than that these great moneys should fall into the hands of the rebels to the furtherance of an evil cause.'

"Then the letter went on to say that the writer would at once buckle to and raise a troop of horse among his tenantry, and that if other satisfactory arrangements could not be made for the conveyance of the moneys, he would bring them in person to the King.

"And now comes the climax of the story. The messenger was captured and Sir James's incautious letter taken from his boot, as a result of which he, within ten days' time, found himself closely besieged by five hundred Roundheads under the command of one Colonel Playfair. The castle was but ill-provisioned for a siege, and in the end Sir James was driven by sheer starvation to surrender. No sooner had he obtained an entry than Colonel Playfair sent for his prisoner, and to his astonishment produced to Sir James's face his own letter to the King.

"'Now, Sir James,' he said, 'we have the hive, and I must ask you to lead us to the honey. Where be these great moneys whereof you talk herein? Fain would I be fingering these ten thousand pieces in gold, the which you have so snugly stored away.'

"'Ay,' answered old Sir James, 'you have the hive, but the secret of the money you have not, nor shall you have it. The ten thousand pieces in gold is where it is, and with it is much more. Find it if you may, Colonel, and take it if you can.'

"'I shall find it by to-morrow's light, Sir James, or otherwise—well, or otherwise you die.'

"'I must die—all men do, Colonel; but if I die, the secret dies with me.'

"'This shall we see,' answered the Colonel, grimly, and old Sir James was marched off to a cell, and there closely confined on bread and water. But he did not die the next day, nor the next, nor for a week, indeed.

"Every day he was brought up before the Colonel and questioned as to where the treasure was, under the threat of immediate death, not being suffered meanwhile to communicate by word or sign with any one, save the officers of the rebels; and every day he refused, till at last his inquisitor's patience gave out, and he was told frankly that if he did not communicate the secret he would be shot at dawn the following day.

"Old Sir James laughed, and said that shoot him they might, but that he consigned his soul to the Devil if he would enrich them with his treasures, and then asked that his Bible might be brought to him that he might read therein and prepare himself for death.

"They gave him the Bible and left him. Next morning at the dawn, a file of Roundheads marched him out into the court-yard of the castle, and here he found Colonel Playfair and his officers waiting.

"'Now, Sir James, for your last word. Will you reveal where the treasure lies, or will you choose to die?'

"'I will not reveal,' answered the old man. 'Murder me if ye will. The act is worthy of holy presbyters. I have spoken, and my mind is fixed.'

"'Bethink you,' said the Colonel.

"'I have thought,' he answered, 'and I am ready. Slay me and seek the treasure. But one thing I ask. My young son is not here. In France hath he been this three years, and naught knows he of where I have hid this gold. Send to him this Bible when I am dead. Nay, search it from page to page. There is naught therein save what I have writ here upon this last sheet. It is all I have left to give.'

"'The book shall be searched,' answered the Colonel, 'and if naught is found therein, it shall be sent. And now, in the name of God, I adjure you, Sir James, let not the love of lucre stand between you and your life. Here I make you one last offer. Discover to us but the ten thousand pounds whereof you speak in this writing,' and he held up the letter to the King, 'and you shall go free; refuse, and you die.'

"'I refuse,' he answered.

"'Musketeers, make ready,' shouted the Colonel, and the file of men stepped forward.

"But at that moment there came up so furious a squall of wind, together with dense and cutting rain, that for a while the execution was delayed. Presently it passed, and the wild light of the November morning swept out from the sky, and revealed the doomed man kneeling upon the sodden turf, with the water running from his white hair and beard, and praying.

"They called to him to stand up, but he would not, and continued praying; so they shot him on his knees."

"Well," said Colonel Quaritch, "at any rate he died like a gallant gentleman."

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and the servant came in.

"What is it?" asked the Squire.

"George is here, please, sir," said the girl, "and says that he would like to see you."

"Confound him!" growled the old gentleman; "he is always here about something or other. I suppose it is about the Moat Farm. He was going to see Janter to-day. Will you excuse me, Quaritch? Ida will tell you the end of the story if you care to hear any more. I will join you in the drawing-room."

CHAPTER IV.

THE END OF THE TALE.

As soon as her father had gone, Ida rose and suggested that if Colonel Quaritch had done with his wine they should go into the drawing-room, which they accordingly did. This room was much more modern than either the vestibule or the dining-room, and had a general air and flavor of nineteenth century young lady about it. There were the little tables, the draperies, and the photograph frames, and all the hundred and one knick-knacks and odds and ends by means of which a lady of taste makes a room lovely in the eyes of brutal man.

"What a charming room!" said Harold as he entered it.

"I am glad you think so," answered Ida, "because it is my own territory, and I arrange it."

"Yes," he said, "it is easy to see that."

"Well, would you like to hear the end of the story about Sir James and his treasure?"

"Certainly—it interests me very much."

"It positively *fascinates* me," said Ida, with emphasis.

"Listen, and I will tell you. After they had shot old Sir James they took the Bible off him, but whether or no Colonel Playfair ever sent it to the son in France is not known.

"The story is all known historically; and it is known that, as my father said, he asked that his Bible might be sent, but nothing more. This son, Sir Edward, never lived to return to England. After his father's murder the estates were seized by the Parliamentary party, and the old castle, with the exception of the gate towers, razed to the ground, partly for military purposes and partly in the long and determined attempt that was made to discover old Sir James's treasure, which might, it was thought, have been concealed in some secret chamber in the walls. But it was all of no use, and Colonel Playfair found that in letting his temper get the better of him, and shooting Sir James, he had done away with the only chance of finding the money that he was ever likely to have, for to all appearance the secret had died with its owner. There was a great noise about it at the time, and the Colonel was degraded from his rank in reward for what he had done. It was presumed that old Sir James must have had accomplices in the hiding of so great a mass of gold, and every means, by way of threats and promises of reward—which at last grew to half of the total amount that should be discovered—was taken to induce these to come forward if they existed, but without result; and so the matter went on, till after a few years the whole thing died away and was forgotten.

"Meanwhile the son, Sir Edward, who was the second and last baronet, led a wandering life abroad, fearing or not caring to return to England, now that all his property had been seized. When he was two-and-twenty years of age, however, he contracted an imprudent marriage with his cousin, a lady of the name of Ida Dofferleigh, a girl of good blood and great beauty, but without means. Indeed, she was the sister of George Dofferleigh, who was a cousin and companion in exile of Sir Edward, and, as you will presently see, my lineal ancestor. Well, within a year of this marriage poor Ida, my namesake, died with her baby of fever, chiefly brought on, they say, by want and anxiety of mind, and the shock seems to have turned her husband's brain. At any rate, within three or four months of her death he committed suicide. But before he did so he formally executed a rather elaborate will, by which he left all his estates in England, 'now unjustly withheld from me contrary to law and natural right by the rebel pretender Cromwell, together with the treasure hidden thereon or elsewhere by my late murdered father Sir James De la Molle,' to John Geoffrey Dofferleigh, his cousin, and the brother of his late wife, and his heirs forever, on condition only of his assuming the name and arms of the De la Molle family, the direct line of which became extinct with himself. Well, of course this will, when it was executed, was to all appearance so much waste paper, but within three years from its execution Charles II. was King of England.

"Thereon John Dofferleigh produced the document, and, on assuming the name and arms of De la Molle, actually succeeded in obtaining the remains of the castle and a considerable portion of the landed property, though the baronetcy became extinct. His son it was who built this present house, and he is our direct ancestor, for though my father talks of them as though they were—it is a little weakness of his—the old De la Molles were not our direct male ancestors."

"Well," said Harold, "and did Dofferleigh find the treasure?"

"No, ah, no, nor anybody else; the treasure has vanished. He hunted for it a great deal, and he did find those pieces of plate which you saw tonight hidden away somewhere, I don't know where, but there was nothing else with them."

"Perhaps the whole thing was nonsense," said Harold, reflectively.

"No," answered Ida, shaking her head, "I am sure it was not; I am sure the treasure is hidden away somewhere to this day. Listen, Colonel Quaritch—you have not heard quite all the story yet—I found something."

"You! What?"

"Wait a minute and I will show you." And going to a cabinet in the corner she unlocked it, and took out a despatch-box, which she also unlocked.

"Here," she said, "I found this. It is the Bible that Sir James begged might be sent to his son, just before they shot him, you remember," and she handed him a small brown book. He took it and examined it carefully. It was bound in leather, and on the cover was written in large letters, "Sir James De la Molle, Honham Castle, 1611." Nor was this all. The first sheets of the Bible, which was one of the earliest copies of the authorized version, were torn out, and the top corner was also gone, having to all appearance been shot off by a bullet, a presumption that a dark stain of blood upon the cover and edges brought near to certainty.

"Poor fellow," said Harold, "he must have had it in his pocket when he was shot. Where did you find it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Ida; "in fact, I have no doubt of it. I found it when I was a child in an old oak chest in the basement of the western tower, quite hidden up in dust and rubbish and bits of old iron. But look at the end, and you will see what he wrote in it to his son Edward. Here, I will show you," and leaning over him she turned to the last page of the book. Between the bottom of the page and the conclusion of the final chapter of Revelation there had been a small blank space densely covered with crabbed writing in faded ink, which she read aloud. It ran as follows:

"Do not grieve for me, Edward, my son, that I am thus suddenly and wickedly done to death by rebel murderers, for naught happeneth but according to God's will. And now farewell, Edward, till we shall meet in Heaven. My moneys have I hid, and on account thereof I die unto this world, knowing that not one piece shall Cromwell touch. To whom God shall appoint, shall all my treasure be, for naught can I communicate."

"There," said Ida, triumphantly, "What do you think of that, Colonel Quaritch? The Bible, I think, was never sent to his son, but here it is, and in that writing, as I solemnly believe," and she laid her white finger upon the faded characters, "lies the key to wherever it is that the money is hidden, only I fear that I shall never make it out. For years I have puzzled over it, thinking that it might be some form of acrostic, but I can make nothing of it. I have tried it all ways. I have translated it into French, and had it translated into Latin, but still I can find out nothing—nothing. But some day somebody will hit upon it—at least I hope so."

Harold shook his head. "I am afraid," he said, "that what has remained undiscovered for so long will remain so till the end of the chapter. Perhaps the old Sir James was hoaxing his adversaries."

"No;" said Ida, "for if he was, what became of all the money? He was known to be one of the richest men of his day, and that he was rich, one can see from his letter to the King. There was nothing found after his death, except his lands, of course. Oh, it will be found some day, twenty centuries hence perhaps—much too late to be any good to us."

"Well," said Harold, in a doubtful voice, "there may be something in it. May I take a copy of that writing?"

"Certainly," said Ida, laughing; "and if you find the treasure, we will go shares. Stop, I will dictate it to you."

Just as this process was finished, and Harold was shutting up his pocket-book, in which he put the fair copy he had executed on a half-sheet of note-paper, the old Squire came into the room again. Looking at his face, his visitor saw that his interview with "George" had evidently been anything but satisfactory, for it bore an expression of exceeding low spirits.

"Well, father, what is the matter?" asked his daughter.

"Oh, nothing, my dear, nothing," he answered, in melancholy tones. "George has been here, that is all."

"Yes, and I wish he would keep away," she said, with a little stamp of her foot, "for he has always some bad news or other."

"It is the times, my dear—it is the times—it isn't George. I really don't know what has come to the country."

"'CERTAINLY,' SAID IDA, LAUGHING; 'AND IF YOU FIND THE TREASURE, WE WILL GO SHARES.'"

"What is it?" said Ida, with a deepening expression of anxiety. "Something wrong about the Moat Farm?"

"Yes; Janter has thrown it up, after all, and I am sure I don't know where I am to find another tenant."

"You see what the pleasures of landed property are, Colonel Quaritch," said Ida, turning toward him with a smile which did not somehow convey a great sense of cheerfulness.

"Yes," he said, "I know. Thank goodness I have only the ten acres that my dear old aunt left to me! And now," he added, "I think that I must be saying good-night. It is half past ten, and I expect that old Mrs. Jobson is sitting up for me."

Ida looked up in remonstrance, and opened her lips to speak, and then, from some reason that did not appear, changed her mind and held out her hand. "Good-night, Colonel Quaritch," she said; "I am so pleased that we are going to have you as a neighbor! By-the-way, I have a few people coming to play lawn-tennis here to-morrow afternoon; will you come too?"

"What!" broke in the Squire, in a voice of irritation, "more lawn-tennis parties, Ida? I think that you might have spared me for once—with all this business on my hands too."

"Nonsense, father," said his daughter, with some acerbity. "How can a few people playing lawn-tennis hurt you? It is quite useless to shut one's self up and be miserable over things that one cannot help."

The old gentleman collapsed with an air of pious resignation, and meekly asked who were coming.

"Oh, nobody in particular: Mr. and Mrs. Jeffries—Mr. Jeffries is our clergyman, you know, Colonel Quaritch—and Dr. Bass and the two Misses Smith, one of whom he is supposed to be in love with, and Mr. and Mrs. Quest, and Mr. Edward Cossey, and a few more."

"Mr. Edward Cossey," said the Squire, jumping off his chair; "really, Ida, you know that I detest that young man—that I consider him an abominable young man—and I think that you might have shown more consideration for me than to have asked him here."

"I could not help it, father," she answered, coolly. "He was with Mrs. Quest when I asked her, so I had to ask him too. Besides, I rather like Mr. Cossey, he is always so polite, and I don't see why you should take such a violent prejudice against him. Anyhow, he is coming, and there is an end of it."

"Cossey, Cossey," said Harold, throwing himself into the breach, "I used to know that name." It seemed to Ida that he winced a little as he said it. "Is he one of the great banking family?"

"Yes," said Ida; "he is one of the sons. They say he will have half a million of money or more when his father, who is very infirm, dies. He is looking after the branch banks of his house in this part of the world, at least nominally. Really, I fancy that Mr. Quest manages them; certainly he manages the Boisingham branch."

"Well, well," said the Squire, "if they are coming, I suppose they are coming. At any rate, I can go out walking. If you are going home, Quaritch, I will walk with you. I want a little air."

"Colonel Quaritch, you have not said if you will come to my party to-morrow yet," said Ida, as he stretched out his hand to say good-by.

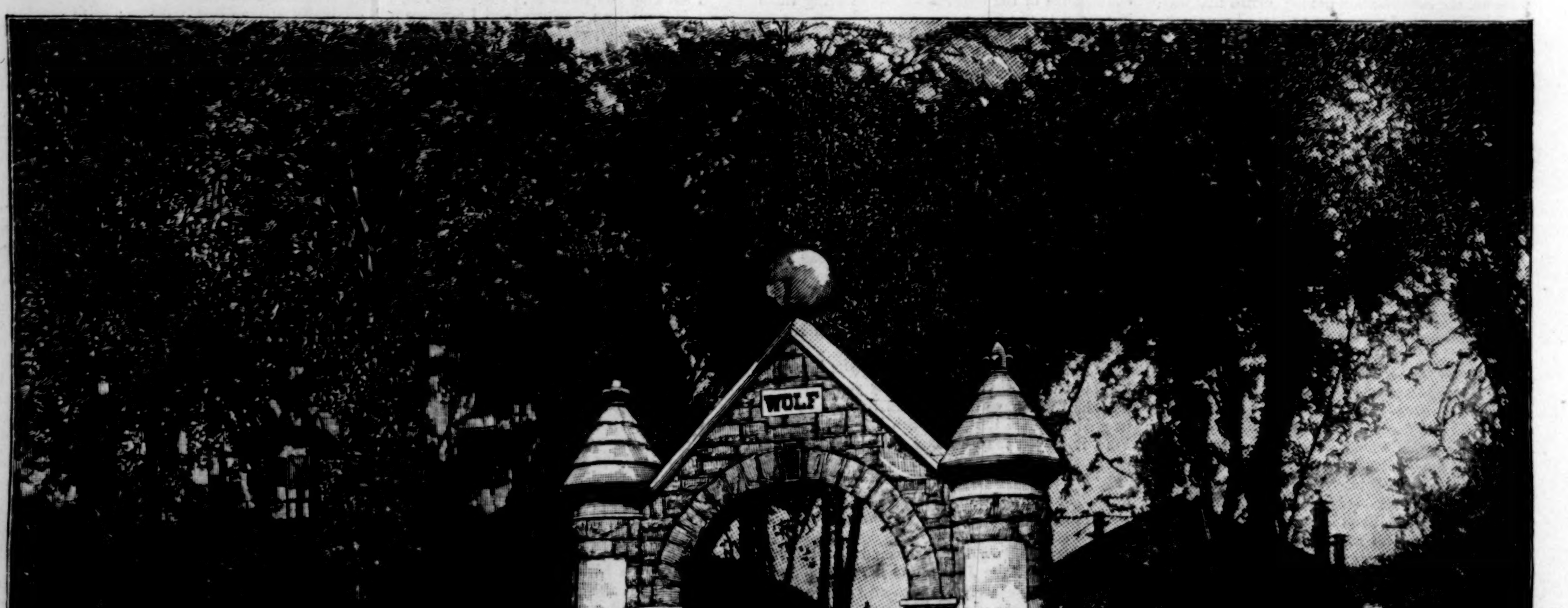
"Oh, thank you, Miss De la Molle; yes, I think I can come, though I play tennis atrociously."

"Oh, we all know that. Well, good-night. I am so very pleased that you have come to live at Molehill; it will be so nice for my father to have a companion," she added, as an after-thought.

"Yes," said the colonel, grimly; "we are almost of an age; good-night."

Ida watched the door close and then leaned her arm on the mantle-piece, and reflected that she liked Colonel Quaritch very much, so much that even his not very beautiful physiognomy did not repel her, indeed rather attracted her than otherwise. "Do you know," she said to herself, "I think that that is the sort of man that I should like to marry. Nonsense," she added, with an impatient shrug—"nonsense; you are nearly six-and-twenty, altogether too old for that sort of thing. And now there is this new trouble about the Moat Farm. My poor old dad! Well, it is a hard world, and I think that sleep is about the best thing in it." And with a sigh she lighted her candle to go to bed, then changed her mind and sat down to await her father's return.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE WOLF MEMORIAL GATEWAY AT EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. L. PACH.—[SEE PAGE 518.]

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—From a very rare Medal struck in 1589.

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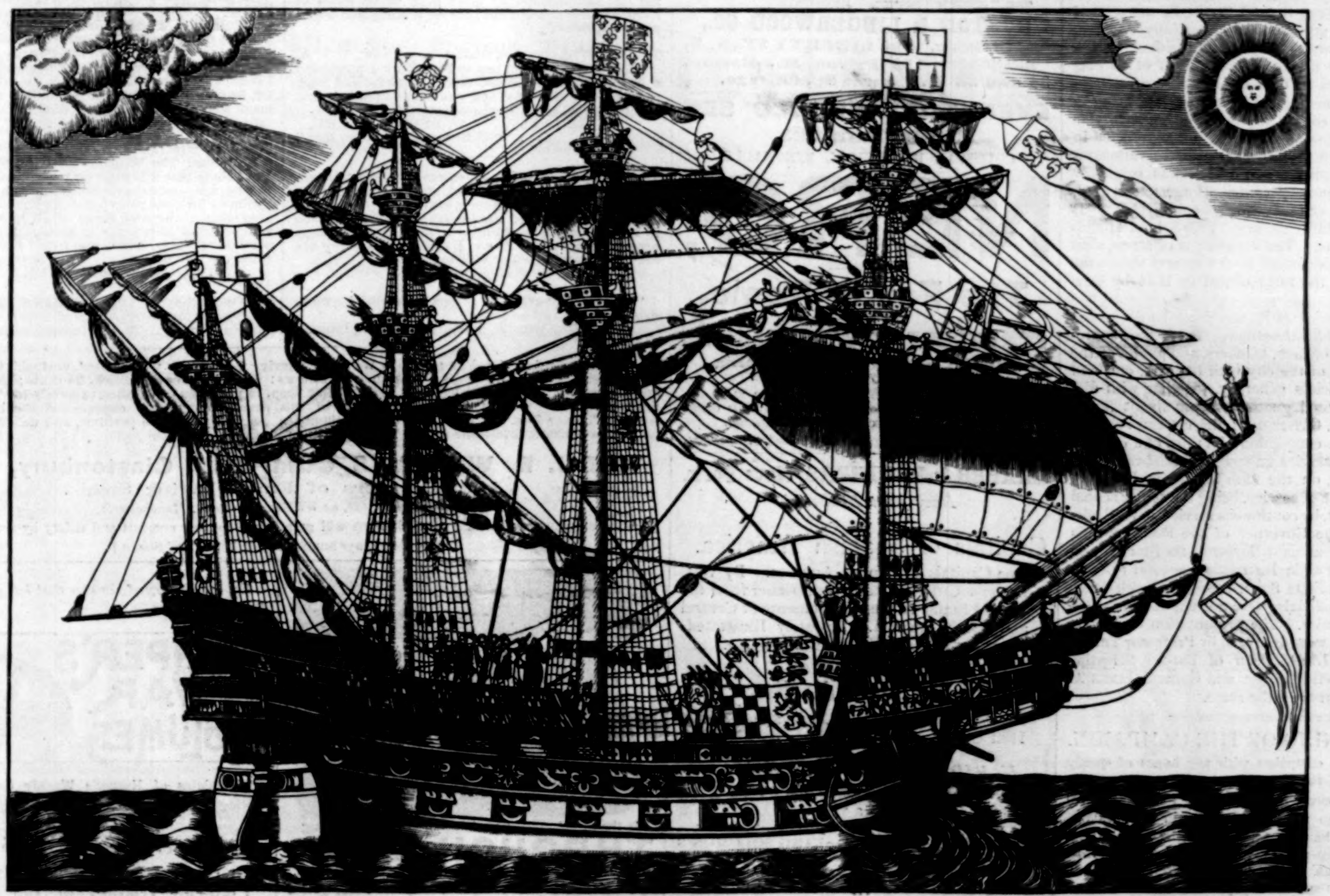

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THE WOLF MEMORIAL.

On Friday, June 29th, there was unveiled at Easton, Pennsylvania, a beautiful and massive stone gateway as a Memorial to Hon. George Wolf, a former Governor of Pennsylvania, and known in the State's history as the "Father of her Public-School System." The occasion was of unusual interest to all friends of public education, being one of the rare instances where the public interest and earnest advocacy of educational facilities have received public recognition. This Memorial to Governor Wolf possesses additional claims to public interest because of its position on historic ground. The city of Easton is one of the oldest in the State, having been located by the Penns at the famous Forks of the Delaware, a favorite treaty place for the Six Nations. It was the rendezvous of General Sullivan's army in 1779, when it started on its famous march, after the Wyoming Massacre, over the Blue Mountains to the New York State line.

Governor George Wolf, in whose honor the gateway is erected, was a native of Northampton County, and at the commencement of the present century, and practically until his decease, a resident of Easton, a lawyer of note, and a leading figure in the public history of the State. He was twice elected Governor, and during his term of office—April 1, 1834—he signed the Act of Assembly creating the public-school system of the State. Education for all at the public expense and in a systematic manner was a favorite scheme of Governor Wolf's, and to its successful establishment on a sure and broad basis he devoted his energies, talents, and influence. The result accomplished through his efforts has been a very impressive one, and of incalculable benefit to the State.

Many years ago the school children of Easton embarked in the project to raise, by voluntary *penny* contributions, a fund to erect a monument to the honor of Governor Wolf, and on the 29th ult. the consummation of their plan was appropriately celebrated. The Memorial, of which we give an illustration, takes the form of a stone arched gateway or entrance to the High-School grounds on North Second Street, in the city of Easton. The grounds are beautifully situated, only one-half square from and overlooking the Delaware, with a front of over 300 feet on Second Street, and 250 on Church Street; a high eminence, commanding a beautiful view, being in the northeast corner of the grounds. On this hill stands a two-story school building erected in 1794, but is in a perfect state of preservation, internally modernized, and which was originally erected by voluntary contributions, to be used, free of charge or rental, for school purposes. It is in all probability the first "Free School" building in the State. The archway is of stone, akin to Scotch granite, taken from a quarry within the city limits, on the farm owned in 1834 by Governor Wolf.

The ceremonies at its unveiling or dedication were of a public character. There was a procession of the officers, teachers, and pupils of the public schools of the city with banners, etc., and the public officials generally, together with distinguished invited guests. A prominent figure was Mr. W. W. Cottingham, the veteran superintendent, whose completion of a third of a century of continuous service was publicly celebrated last year, and who, on the 29th inst., completed his thirty-fifth year of service, being the senior school superintendent, by continuous service, in the United States. The Governor of the State and his Cabinet, the Lieutenant-Governor, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, several ex-Governors and ex-State Superintendents, with other distinguished officials, were present and took part in the ceremonies. The presentation or dedicatory addresses were delivered by Professor Traill Green, M.D., LL.D., Dean of Pardee Scientific Course, Lafayette College, and General James A. Beaver, Governor of the State.

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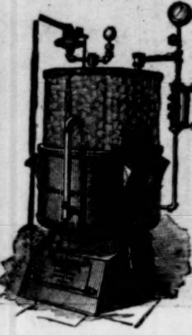

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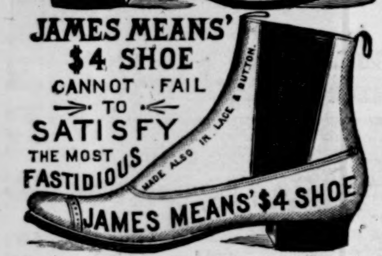

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A SEA-CHANGE.

(*Continued from front page.*)

Always upon the stage at such a juncture,
When they would hold the mirror up to nature,
Here comes the very man, above all others,
Who can relieve my mind.

(*The* Deck-Steward *appears with a waiter, and a tumbler of lemonade on it.*)

I will accost him.
Steward!

Steward. Yes, sir. Beg your pardon, sir?

Theron. What's this? The sea's like glass; the ship's as steady as a rock; nobody's sick this morning, surely?

Steward (*confusedly*). You're quite right, sir. It's—it's the force of 'abit, sir. I'm so used to bringin' lemonade to the ladies stretched about 'ere on deck in hevery hattitude of hagony, that I just came hup this mornin', sir—

Theron (*sternly*). Without the surgeon's orders? What do the rules and regulations say, which are printed, glazed, and framed, and hung up in all the state-rooms?

Steward (*dropping on his knees, and extending his waiter imploringly, from which* Theron *mechanically takes the lemonade, and drinks it, setting back the empty glass*). Don't report me, sir! It was merely the force of 'abit.

Theron (*aside*). Now whether, having got him in my power,
'Twere better throw myself upon his mercy,
And tell him all,
Or rather try *finesse*,
And lead him on,
He knows not how or whither,
To tell me what I wish?
Steward!

Steward. Beg your pardon, sir?

Theron. For the present I will spare you. And now, can you tell me—(I must manage this with great subtlety, so as to throw him off his guard)—if there is a Miss Muriel Vane, of Boston, on board?

Steward. I can't say positively, sir. Most of the ladies 'as kept their berths, sir. 'Sh! Somebody comin', sir.

Theron. Then I must conceal myself. It is the only way.

(*He re-enters the door of the smoking-room. From the door of the saloon gangway appear two maids, carrying shawls, rugs, and wraps of every kind, with pillows and cushions;* Mrs. Vane *with a Willoughby pug and smelling-bottle; and* Mr. Vane *with a foot-stool, a sun-umbrella, and a steamer-chair. He wearily places the chair, and the maids arrange the wraps and cushions about it.*)

Mrs. Vane. Have you finished, Mary?

Mary. Yes, 'm.

Mrs. Vane. Is everything ready, Sarah?

Sarah. Quite ready, ma'am.

Mrs. Vane. I feel as if nothing had been done for the poor child, after all. *What* have we done, Matthew?

Mr. Vane. We have secured the captain's room for her.

Mrs. Vane. Well?

Mr. Vane. We have secured the purser's room for ourselves, so as to be constantly near her.

Mrs. Vane. Well?

Mr. Vane. We have secured the seat on the captain's right at the table for her.

Mrs. Vane. Well?

Mr. Vane. We have secured the exclusive attendance of the head stewardess.

Mrs. Vane. Well?

Mr. Vane. We have secured the whole time and services of the assistant surgeon.

Mrs. Vane. Well?

Mr. Vane. In short, as nearly as possible, we have secured the entire ship in every way.

Mrs. Vane (*sighing*). It seems very little.

Mr. Vane. It *is* very little, but it's all we could do.

Mrs. Vane. Well, let us go and see if Muriel can be persuaded to come up. Oh, when I think of what the child has undergone! And all from that wretch! And all for nothing!

Mr. Vane. Well, my dear, I have cheerfully joined you in censuring the young man in song and dance; but I really can't see that he was so very much to blame. He is a person of respectable standing in society.

Mrs. Vane. Yes.

Mr. Vane. He was graduated at Harvard with three honors: Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, I believe they were.

Mrs. Vane. Yes.

Mr. Vane. He is very talented, with an ambition to shine as the scholar in politics.

Mrs. Vane. Yes.

Mr. Vane. To this end he has already secured a position on a Sunday paper as reporter, with a salary of ten dollars a week. It is not a vast sum; but having a great deal of our own, we naturally despise money in others.

Mrs. Vane. Yes.

Mr. Vane. As such things go, he is in the way to promotion. In less than twenty-five years he might hope to be an Own Correspondent, with fifteen dollars a week.

Mrs. Vane. Yes.

Mr. Vane. He is a person of unblemished character and exceptionally pleasing manners. In dress he is a gentleman—an American gentleman of English pattern.

Mrs. Vane. Yes.

Mr. Vane. He was very much in love with Muriel, and it is customary with young men to tell their love.

Mrs. Vane. But wholly unnecessary! *All* the young men were in love with Muriel, but none of them thought it necessary to tell it. Why should *he*?

Mr. Vane (*with conviction*). True!

Mrs. Vane. He might have seen how sensitive, how high-spirited, how delicately constituted, she was—how little calculated to know her own mind.

Mr. Vane. Very true!

Mrs. Vane. He might have known that it would be extremely repulsive and completely prostrating.

Mr. Vane. I see.

Mrs. Vane. But he was not even satisfied with telling Muriel that he loved *her*. He insisted upon knowing whether she loved *him*.

Mr. Vane. That was certainly going too far.

Mrs. Vane. The child had no alternative but flight, and—here we are!

Mr. Vane. Perfectly true! He was obviously wrong. But what should he have done?

Mrs. Vane. He should have waited.

Mr. Vane. Waited?

Mrs. Vane. Yes.

Mr. Vane. What for?

Mrs. Vane. For—for a more fitting opportunity.

Mr. Vane. Oh! How long?

Mrs. Vane. Indefinitely. Women sometimes have to wait all their lives. Why shouldn't men?

Mr. Vane. There's a great deal in that.

Mrs. Vane. Muriel is not exacting. Gratify her wishes, few and simple as they always are, and she asks nothing more. But come, Matthew! The child will be distracted at our absence. What are you stopping for?

Mr. Vane. Oh, nothing! Merely an appropriate little ode that I thought I might repeat. But no matter!

(*As the* Vanes *go below,* Theron *dashes from his concealment, and clutches the* Steward *by the arm.*)

Theron (*wildly*). Who—who—is this young lady?

Steward. The one who 'as taken the captain's room?

Theron. Yes! Her name!

Steward. I 'aven't 'appened to 'ear 'er name, sir: but I 'ave a list of the cabin passengers 'ere in my pocket, sir; and if you'll kindly 'old this waiter a moment, sir, I'll read it for you. Perhaps you would like to 'ave me sing it, sir?

Theron. Do you ordinarily sing it?

Steward. Well, yes, sir, we do, sir, on this ship, sir. The *Mesopotamia* is one of the *new* Retarders, you know, sir.

Theron. Very good, then! I should much prefer you to sing it.

(*He takes a shilling from his pocket, and gives it to him with a great show of secrecy, which the* Steward *emulates in receiving it.*)

Steward. Thank you kindly, sir. You won't forget the pound ten at the hend of the voyage, *will* you, sir? Let me see a moment, sir. Oh yes! "List of saloon passengers per steam-ship *Mesopotamia*, sailing from Boston to Liverpool April 1, 1884:

"Mr. Julian Ammidown.
Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Brown.
Major Connelly.
Colonel Donnelly.
Mrs. Susan Dewell.
Dr. Jacob Ewall.
Mr. and Mrs. Follansbee.
Mrs. 'Arris, Miss 'Arrises (three)"—

Goin' hout to heducate 'er daughters in Paris, and leavin' Mr. Haitch to supply the funds at 'ome, I suppose.

Theron. It is the national custom. Go on.

Steward. All right, sir. "Mr. Ingham and Mr. Jones—"

Theron. No, no! Stop! I thought I could bear it for the sake of the effect, and the resemblance to Leporello's list in *Don Giovanni;* but I can't. Skip the rest of the alphabet, and get down to the V's at once!

Steward. "Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Vane—"

Theron. O my heart, burst not in twain!

Steward. "Miss Muriel Vane, two maids and pug."

Theron (*dropping the waiter*). Wait! Stop! Hold on! It is she! I knew it as soon as I recognized her parents' voices in my place of concealment.

Steward (*starting back*). Then you are—

Theron. A stowaway.

Steward. Very sorry, sir, but I shall be obliged to report you.

(*He picks up the fragments of the tumbler, and replaces them on the waiter.*)

Theron. *Report* me! And after I have spared *you?*

Steward. Well, you see, sir, a stowaway is very different, sir. The rules are very strict about reportin' 'em, sir. You'll be put in hirons, and sent back from Liverpool by the first return steamer.

(*He winks, and wags his hand behind him for money.*)

Theron. Irons? Are you open to bribery? (*The* Steward *turns round, wagging his hand.* Theron *continues, aside.*) And am I the slave of this corrupt person? Subject to the beck and call of a deck steward? A thought strikes me! (*Aloud.*) But I am not a common stowaway—not one of those pitiful wretches who, dying of poverty and homesickness in a foreign land, basely seek to return to friends and country at the expense of the company. My passage has been fully paid, and I occupy Berth 81 on the saloon deck. Listen, and I will tell you all. I—

Steward. I beg your *pardon*, sir!

Theron. Well?

Steward. I *beg* your pardon, sir, but don't you think you'd better sing it? It's rather more the custom, sir. I *beg* your pardon!

Theron. Of course. I ought to have thought of that myself.

Steward. It would be a little more in keepin', sir. A great many gentlemen 'ave confided their 'eart 'istories to me, sir, and they halways sung them, sir. Many's the 'alf-crown I've 'ad from them, sir, for listenin'.

Theron (*giving him money*). Very well. [*He sings.*

I am Love's Stowaway—

Steward (*interrupting*). I *beg* your pardon, sir; but don't you think you'd better wait for the chorus? It's just comin' hup, sir. The lookout 'as sighted a hiceberg, and the chorus is comin' hup to see it.

Theron. But I thought I heard a chorus at the beginning of the piece.

Steward. So you did, sir. That was the Chorus of Seamen. We've got two choruses on the *Mesopotamia*. The hold boats honly 'ad one. *This* chorus is a Chorus of Passengers.

Theron. Oh, well! if it's a chorus of *saloon* passengers—

Steward. It is, sir.

Theron. Then I don't mind waiting a reasonable time for them; but they mustn't be long.

Steward. They won't keep you a moment, sir. 'Ere they come now, sir.

(*Enter* Chorus of Passengers, *singing by groups.*)

Group of Gentlemen.

We are lawyers and physicians,
Bankers, brokers, electricians,
Publishers and politicians,
Editors, professors, students,
Of all kinds, whom our imprudence,
In the mad pursuit of wealth,
Has compelled, for relaxation,
To endure a brief vacation,
And we are all going over for our health.
But whatever be our station,
Our profession or vocation,
Our politics, our objects, our connections, and the rest,
Love alone, and love supremely,
Love alone, and love extremely,
Is our life's great interest!

All. Yes, our life's great interest!

Group of Fashionable Ladies.

We are daughters, wives, and mothers
To these gentlemen and brothers,
Whom, with very many others,
Our expensive tastes and passions,
Our caprices and our fashions,
Goaded in pursuit of wealth;
But, worn out with the enjoyment
Which has formed our sole employment,
Now we all are going over for our health.
And whatever be the notion
Of womanhood's devotion
To such objects and ambitions as have our souls possest,
Love alone, and love supremely,
Love alone, and love extremely,
Is our life's great interest.

All. Yes, our life's great interest!

Group of Merchants returning from the Boston Foreign Exhibition.

Russians, Polacks, Turks, Armenians,
Hindoos, Arabs, and Athenians,
Chinese, Japs, and Abyssinians,
Germans, Frenchmen, and Egyptians,
Orientals of all descriptions,
From the mad pursuit of wealth,
In the city of the Yankees,
Hardly richer ev'n in thank'ees,
We are flying homeward for our health.
But whatever be the fraction,
Division or subtraction,
Of the general sum total as in numerals exprest,
Love alone, and love supremely,
Love alone, and love extremely,
Is our life's great interest.

All. Yes, our life's great interest!

Group of Shop-Girls.

We are some of the sales-ladies—
Minnies, Mamies, Susies, Sadies—
From the famous house whose trade is
The distinction and the glory
Of all modern retail story;
And from its abundant wealth,
As a novel advertisement
Of ingenious devisement,
It is sending us all over for our health.
But whatever were its motive,
A business one or votive,
In despatching us so unexpectedly upon this quest,
Love alone, and love supremely,
Love alone, and love extremely,
Is our life's great interest.

All. Yes, our life's great interest.

All the Ladies. But we see no iceberg.

Steward. It's pretty low down yet, ladies. (*To* Theron.) Now's your time, sir! I told you they wouldn't be long, sir!

Theron (*giving him money*). I shall never forget your thoughtful kindness in procuring me this sympathetic audience.

One of the Ladies (*recitative*).

And who, pray, is this gentleman we see here—
With us, although apparently not of us?

Theron. Ladies, if you will allow me, I will introduce myself.

Theron.—*A Confession.*

I am Love's Stowaway!
Love lured me from my home,
And far across the wandering foam
He bade me stray.

I am Love's Stowaway!
He chose the fated bark;
And darkly plotting in the dark,
He did betray.

I am Love's Stowaway!
And where my love was hid
I followed blind, as blind Love bid:
I must obey.

I am Love's Stowaway!
And here my love and I
Together from each other fly,
The self-same way!

(Theron *is about to continue his song, when enter* Muriel *with her father and mother, maids and pug.*)

One of the Chorus (*recitative*).

Wait! Stop! Excuse the seeming interruption!
We think the lady wishes to say something.

Muriel (*recitative*).

Merely to make a personal explanation,
Such as, in good society, is usual
On mingling with a company of strangers.

Muriel.—*A Statement.*

I am a member of that Aristocracy,
Wholly composed of the lovelier sex,
Which, in the heart of our New World Democracy,
Reigns the observer to please and perplex.

Since I was born—well, I do not think, really,
That I have been of the least use on earth:
All has been done that could *be* done, ideally,
Utterly useless to make me from birth.

Never a wish that was not at once gratified;
Nothing refused me that money could buy;
All my opinions respected and ratified,
Since I could utter the first in a cry;

Flattered, deferred to, obeyed in society
Like a young princess come into her own;
Free to do all that I would to satiety;
Law to myself, first and last and alone;

Dressed like one born to the purple imperial;
Housed like a duchess, and served like a lord;
And, like the heroine of a cheap serial,
By all that looked at me wildly adored.

I am a member of that Aristocracy,
Wholly composed of the lovelier sex,
Which, in the heart of our New World Democracy,
Reigns the observer to please and perplex.

And the great wonder is, not that I'm odious—

Chorus of All Men.

No, we don't think you so! Nobody could!
No, we make protest in accents melodious!

Muriel.

Thanks. You are all, I am sure, very good.

Well, then, the miracle is that the wealthily
Born and conditioned American girl,
Placed, as to all things that spoil, so unhealthily,
Never's the Oyster, but always the Pearl.

(*She sinks into her steamer-chair, where the two maids elaborately arrange her.* Theron *stealthily retires toward the door of the smoking-room, and the* Chorus *gradually withdraw.* Muriel *remains with her party and the* Steward.)

Mrs. Vane. How do you feel now, dear?

Muriel. So much better, mamma, thank you. How nice the air is! Mamma!

Mrs. Vane. Yes, dear?

Muriel. Would you mind just looking in my jewelry-case for poor Carlino's best collar? He's so shabby in this old thing!

Mrs. Vane (*kissing her*). I'm *so* glad to see you taking an interest in life again. I'll be back instantly. [*Exit.*

Mr. Vane. Are you sure you're perfectly comfortable, my child?

Muriel. Oh, perfectly, papa. Papa!

Mr. Vane. Yes, my child?

Muriel. I hate to be so much bother; but there's

CHORUS OF FASHIONABLE LADIES.

CHORUS OF SHOP-GIRLS.

no one else I could trust to bring me—let me see—my other ear-rings. I put on these drops never thinking, and diamonds are shocking before breakfast. (*She takes them out and hands them to her father.*) It's too bad, sending you, papa.

MR. VANE. My child (*kissing her*), you know how happy it makes me to do anything for you. [*Exit.*

MURIEL. Sarah!

SARAH. Yes, Miss Muriel?

MURIEL (*taking a bracelet from her wrist, and giving it to* Sarah). I've been a great deal of trouble to you. Here's a little thing— I know you admire it. I've seen you looking at it.

SARAH. Oh Miss Muriel! what shall I do? (And me been saying such awful things about the poor, dear, pretty creature!)

MURIEL. Nothing, please. Sarah!

SARAH. Yes, Miss Muriel?

MURIEL. Do you suppose you could—wait a moment till I can think. Oh!—find me a lighter handkerchief? This is so heavy! It fatigues me.

SARAH. Why, Miss Muriel, I'd jump overboard for you. [*Exit.*

MURIEL. Mary!

MARY. Yes, Miss Muriel?

MURIEL (*taking a brooch from her neck, and handing it to her*). Don't thank me, please. And—Mary!

MARY. Yes, Miss Muriel?

MURIEL. Do you think you could go away, and stay a little while, without any particular excuse? It's so tiresome making them!

MARY. Why, of course I can, Miss Muriel. And you're the sweetest, sensiblest, untroublesomest young lady in *this* world! And I won't come about the whole day again! [*Exit.*

MURIEL (*with a sigh*). Now, steward we are alone. Have you any first name?

STEWARD. Why, miss, I 'aven't 'ardly any *last* name. I'm Robert, miss.

MURIEL. Well, Robert, I can see that you have a heart.

STEWARD. I 'ave, miss. *Hall* the stewards on the *Mesopotamia* 'as 'em, miss. The captain, and the hofficer on duty, and the 'ole crew, 'as 'em. 'Earts, and electric lights, set bowls, and annuncihators in all the state-rooms. Any little thing I could bring you, miss?

MURIEL. No, Robert, not at present. I have no appetite.

STEWARD. But your happetite will come back now. You won't be hill any more. Was you pretty bad, miss?

MURIEL. The sea-sickness was the least part of it (*sighing*); though I *was* sick. Yes. But, Robert!

STEWARD. Yes, miss?

MURIEL. What were all those people doing here when I came up?

STEWARD. It was honly the chorus of passengers, miss, who 'ad come hup to see the hiceberg.

MURIEL. Oh! And who was the young gentleman who appeared to be singing to them?

STEWARD. Why, he was tellin' hall about 'imself, miss, in the song.

MURIEL. Oh, I dare say! But you never can make out the words. There was something strangely familiar in his voice and figure. But, of course, it could not be. (*Aloud.*) He sang very well, I fancied.

STEWARD (*with musical reluctance*). Well, honly tolerable, miss. We've 'ad a great many tenors on the *Mesopotamia*.

MURIEL. Yes; but his voice had a certain sympathetic quality—a *brio*, a *timbre*—

STEWARD. Very true, miss; but it was very thin in the hupper notes.

MURIEL. Oh, it wasn't perfect, I suppose. Do you happen to know his name, Robert?

STEWARD. Well, no, miss, I don't know 'is *name*: but I've got my list of the passengers 'ere; and if you'll kindly 'old my waiter, miss (*he gives it to her, with the fragments of the tumbler on it*), I'll read it hover to you.

MURIEL. You are very good, Robert.

STEWARD. Or what do you say, as you seem to be a connyshure, miss, to my singin' it?

MURIEL. I shall be delighted.

STEWARD (*singing*).

> "Mr. Julian Ammidown.
> Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Brown.
> Major Connelly.
> Colonel Donnelly.
> Mrs. Susan Dewell.
> Dr. Jacob Ewall.
> Mr. and Mrs. Follansbee.
> Mrs. 'Arris, Miss 'Arrises (three)"—

Oh! Beg your pardon, miss! 'Ere's a name I missed once before between the Hefs and the Haitches—

> "Mr. Theron Gay"—

MURIEL (*flinging the waiter from her, and bursting wildly from her chair, with her hands to her temples*). Theron!

THERON (*rushing from the door of the smoking-room*). Muriel!

(*They fly into each other's arms, and sing.*)

MURIEL AND THERON.—*A Collision.*

MURIEL.

> Oh, if you be some fond and dear illusion,
> Some blessed dream,
> Born of the brain's fantastical confusion,
> Be what you seem!
> Stay with me, stay,
> Fade not away,
> Oh, dearly beloved illusion!

THERON.

> I am no vision, no hallucination:
> Be not afraid!
> Wholly unchanged in substance and formation,
> I could not fade,
> My love, my bride,
> Ev'n if I tried,
> Like a hallucination!

MURIEL (*with dignity*). Then, if you are really Mr. Theron Gay, of Boston, Massachusetts, I must ask you, as a gentleman, to leave me.

THERON (*astounded*). Leave you, Muriel? But you just requested me to remain!

MURIEL. That was under the impression that you were a pleasing unreality. I was very explicit. And, besides, you have no right to be here. You had no right to follow me. Especially on the same steamer.

THERON. But, my love, I didn't know you were on board. That is the strangest part of it. I fled, in my madness and despair, by the first steamer I could get. It happened to be the very ship you had embarked in. (*Tenderly.*) Cannot you recognize some design of Fate in this coincidence, Muriel?

MURIEL. If it is, as you say, purely an accident—

THERON. Oh, it is!

MURIEL. Then I forgive you, but on condition that you go ashore instantly.

THERON. Why, but, Muriel—

MURIEL. Don't reply! I simply ask you, as a gentleman, to go ashore, and not persist in attentions which you must see are very disagreeable. (*She returns to her steamer-chair, and talks while he makes her comfortable in it with the shawls, cushions, and wraps.*) I will not ask you how it is that you came to choose this ship—

THERON. It was a fatality. Will you have this shawl over your feet?

MURIEL. Yes, thank you. And I will not imply that you knew very well I was on board.

THERON. Oh, I swear to you that it would be doing me serious injustice! I had scarcely any idea of it. (*Fitting a cushion to her shoulders*). Is that comfortable?

MURIEL. Perfectly, thanks. I will not insinuate that you have been planning this interview ever since you knew I was here, helpless and defenceless.

THERON. Oh, never! Will you have the pug in your lap or in your arms?

MURIEL. In my arms, please. You are very kind, I'm sure, and I'm quite ashamed to give you so much trouble; but I will merely say that if you have a spark of honorable feeling you will go ashore at once. I will be calm, I will be reasonable; but you must go.

THERON. Why, but, Muriel, it's quite impossible. We are forty-eight hours out from Boston; and even at the comparatively low rate of speed characteristic of the Retarders, we must be two or three hundred miles at sea. I would do anything to oblige a lady, anything to gratify my dearest love; but at the moment I find it quite impracticable to go ashore.

MURIEL. You will not?

THERON. I cannot!

MURIEL. Then I shall simply go wild.

MURIEL, THERON, STEWARD.—*A Delirium.*

> MURIEL. Yes, I shall go wild!
> Befooled, beguiled,
> Followed afar in my flight by insolent treason,
> I call, with the last ray of reason,
> Papa!
> Mamma!
> Come to your child!

> THERON. No, do not go wild:
> You are not beguiled!
> Hear me, my loved one, my only one, listen to reason!
> I am wholly guiltless of treason.
> Papa!
> Mamma!
> Come to your child!

> STEWARD. They both will go wild.
> He, unjustly reviled,
> Cannot convince her that he is guiltless of treason,
> Cannot make her listen to reason.
> Papa!
> Mamma!
> Come to your child!

(Mr. *and* Mrs. Vane *rush distractedly on deck, with the* Chorus of Passengers, *all bringing life-preservers.*)

MR. VANE. Mamma!

MRS. VANE. Papa!

BOTH. We come to you, child!

CHORUS.

> Papa!
> Mamma!
> Come to your child!

MRS. VANE. Oh! what is it, my precious one?

MR. VANE. My child, what is it?

CHORUS. Is it an iceberg?

(*They get out their opera-glasses.*)

MURIEL (*clinging to a hand of each*). Oh papa! Oh mamma! See! It's Theron!

MRS. VANE (*putting on her glasses*). It is indeed! Wretch! How came he here?

MURIEL (*faintly*). Don't be harsh with him, mamma. But when I simply asked him, as a gentleman, to go ashore, and leave me—

MRS. VANE. He refused?

MURIEL. He said he couldn't.

MRS. VANE. A likely story! Where is the captain? I will see the captain about this. (*Running and shaking her parasol at the man at the wheel.*) Oh—ah! My good man!

MAN AT THE WHEEL (*looking round*). Ay, ay, ma'am!

MRS. VANE. Where is the captain?

MAN AT THE WHEEL. He's down in the boiler-room, ma'am, takin' the reck'nin'.

MRS. VANE. Send him here at once.

MAN AT THE WHEEL. Ay, ay, ma'am!

(*Recitative down Speaking-tube.*)

> Captain, you're wanted here! And I may hadd, sir,
> Seems a young lady, taken very bad, sir.
> I can't just tell you if there's need to worry,
> But the young lady's mother says to 'urry.

(*The* Captain *appears on deck instantly, with a sextant in his hands, a telescope under one arm, and a speaking-trumpet under the other.*)

CAPTAIN.—*An Explanation.*

> I am the *Mesopotamia's* very obliging commander;
> And I will say it, with whom boasting was never the wont,
> No swifter craft than this has swum the seas since Leander
> Executed his famed feat on the dark Hellespont.
>
> No, the *Mesopotamia* is not an old-time Retarder,
> Such as we read of once in the American press,
> Flabby and flat in *cuisine*, and frowsy in state-room and larder,
> With (as in classical art) nothing at all in excess.
>
> Passengers here may converse with officers on and off duty,
> And will especially, please, talk with the man at the wheel;
> Honor, obscurity, riches, poverty, homeliness, beauty,
> Constitute equal parts here of the same commonweal.
>
> Such are the company's rules; and I think you will easily gather
> From my behavior thus far that the particular part
> I would assume toward you all is the part of affectionate father,
> With the more delicate ones' interests chiefly at heart.

Well, ladies, which of you sent for me?

MRS. VANE. It was I, captain, on behalf of my daughter.

MR. VANE. On behalf of our daughter—yes.

CAPTAIN. And what can I do for you, miss?

MURIEL. Nothing. But the man at the wheel makes me giddy, turning it round so.

CAPTAIN (*through his trumpet, to the* Man at the Wheel). Lash your wheel!

MAN AT THE WHEEL (*obeying*). Ay, ay, sir!

(*Attempting to sing.*)

I am the—

CAPTAIN (*sternly*). Belay that! (*To* Muriel.) Anything more, miss?

MURIEL. No—only the ship seems to tremble a good deal.

CAPTAIN (*to the* Man at the Wheel). Tell the officer on duty to send me the engineer.

MAN AT THE WHEEL. Ay, ay, sir! (*Down speaking-tube.*) Engineer!

ENGINEER (*appearing instantly, and attempting to sing*). I am the—

> CHORUS. Oh, stow it!
> We know it.

CAPTAIN. We've had enough of explanation, and we'll show it. Go down and stop the engines.

ENGINEER. Ay, ay, sir! [*Exit.*

CAPTAIN (*to* Muriel). Is that all, miss?

MURIEL (*reluctantly*). Y-e-e-e-s.

MRS. VANE. Muriel, *I* must speak, if *you* will not. Captain, she is annoyed by the presence of one of the young gentlemen on board, who refuses to go ashore.

CAPTAIN. Which young gentleman is it, ma'am?

MRS. VANE. Shall I indicate him more particularly, Muriel?

MURIEL (*veiling her eyes with her hand*). I suppose you must, mamma. But don't be harsh!

MRS. VANE. I will be firm. It is Mr. Gay.

CAPTAIN (*to* Theron, *sternly*). I have not had the pleasure of seeing you before, sir, I think.

THERON. Very true. I have lately been describing myself in a song to the ladies and gentlemen present as Love's Stowaway. So far as relates to the payment of my passage, the term is not perfectly accurate. The purser will tell you that my ticket was quite regular. I occupy Berth 81 on the saloon deck; but I called myself Love's Stowaway because I was here without the knowledge of a young lady who was flying on your ship from a hemisphere which my attentions had rendered insupportable to her. I will not spare myself, sir—

MURIEL (*to* Mrs. Vane). Oh, how generous, how magnanimous, he is!

THERON. I will not shrink from saying that I told her my love at a moment when it was surprising and perhaps painful to her. I also fled; and by a series of accidents I found myself on the same ship with Miss Vane. If you had been on deck immediately after the opening chorus you could have heard me state the same facts in recitative. Now do with me as you will. I am, strictly speaking, Love's Unintentional Stowaway. But I am a stowaway, and I do not shrink from the penalty. Put me in irons.

CAPTAIN (*to* Mrs. Vane). Well, ma'am, there are practical difficulties in the way of Mr. Gay's going ashore. I have just been taking an observation in the boiler-room, and we are twenty-three miles from land. It is a very quick run: we are only two days out.

MURIEL. But, captain, you could turn the ship round, and go back with him, couldn't you?

CAPTAIN. Yes, miss, we could do that; but it would postpone our arrival in Europe almost indefinitely. It would be simpler to throw him overboard.

MURIEL. I don't think I could quite consent to that. It would be inhuman, wouldn't it?

CAPTAIN. It would be unusual; but, as I understand, it is an extreme case.

MURIEL. Yes, it is. It is very provoking. Is there no other way?

CAPTAIN. Yes. If you could wait, miss, we might transfer him to the first homeward-bound ship we met.

MURIEL. Perhaps we had better wait.

CAPTAIN. In the mean time I will just have him loaded with chains.

MURIEL (*starting forward*). With chains?

CAPTAIN. Yes, miss, as a stowaway by his own confession.

MURIEL. Oh, yes! (*She sinks back in her chair.*) Of course!

(*A group of* Seamen *appear with handcuffs and heavy chains. At the end of each stanza they dance some steps of the Sailor's Hornpipe.*)

THE SEAMAN'S PROTEST.

> Oh! don't you think it's hard on the sympathetic sailor,
> Whose heart is in his hand, and whose hand is on his hip,
> To make him play the part of policeman or of jailer,
> And render him detestable to all aboard the ship?
>
> For our natural disposition we refer you to the pictures,
> And the story-books the landsmen write about the jolly tar;
> Though we might make, of course, our suggestions and our strictures,
> You must go to them, if really you would know us as we are.
>
> 'Tis our ordinary habit to sing of Sue and Polly
> As we lightly climb aloft to reef the topsail in the gale;
> We are all opposed, on principle, to care and melancholy;
> We love to catch the shark, and harpoon the sleeping whale.
>
> Then, when all the toils and dangers of the day are safely over,
> 'Tis our custom to lie basking before the fo'c's'le fire,
> Spinning yarns and piping ditties of maiden and of lover,
> And watch the cheery flames till they flicker and expire.
>
> And nothing more repugnant to the feelings of a sailor
> Than loading of a gentleman with chains can be conceived;
> And that we should have to play the policeman or the jailer
> On this ship's a thing that none of us would ever have believed.

(*They load* Theron *with chains.*)

MURIEL (*sobbing convulsively*). But, captain, suppose we don't meet any homeward-bound ship?

CAPTAIN. Then, miss—the idea has just occurred to me—we could put him off on an iceberg. We are now entering the region of floating ice, and we may encounter a suitable iceberg at any moment. They are continually drifting toward the coast of Labrador; and the chances are that within a week, or ten days at the farthest, he would find himself within the Straits of Belle Isle, from whence he could easily make his way by the Intercolonial Railway to Halifax, and so by boat to Boston.

MURIEL. Do you think an iceberg is preferable to a homeward-bound merchant vessel?

CAPTAIN. It's about an even thing, miss.

MURIEL (*thoughtfully*). It would be more romantic on an iceberg.

CAPTAIN. Yes, it would certainly be more romantic.

MURIEL. I should think Theron would prefer it. Well, then, let it be whichever we meet first.

CAPTAIN All right, miss. Steward!

STEWARD. Yes, sir?

CAPTAIN. Tell the third officer in charge of the passengers' luggage to have Mr. Gay's boxes brought up out of the hold; and go and fetch his valise out of his state-room yourself. Not a moment is to be lost.

STEWARD. Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*

(*A derrick is seen lifting* Theron's *trunk through a bulkhead in the deck. The* Steward *re-appears with* Theron's *bag and travelling shawls. The latter removes his Glengarry cap, and puts on his silk hat as if going ashore. The* Chorus, *fully realizing the horror of the situation, start forward in protest.*)

MURIEL. But in the mean time, Theron, if you have anything to say in justification of your strange conduct, I cannot refuse to hear it; though, of course, it won't affect the final result.

THERON. No, Muriel, I understand that perfectly. Do you mean my conduct in finding myself on the same ship with you?

MURIEL. No; that is all past now.

THERON. Oh! Then you mean my conduct in offering myself to you. Well, there is nothing I would like to say; but there is something I would like to sing.

MURIEL. Could you make it short? I am really quite worn out. I have been so *terribly* sea-sick, Theron! And I haven't literally slept a wink since I came on board. Singing seems to string the ideas out so!

THERON. I will try to boil it down.

MURIEL. Do! And I hope the music isn't abrupt or dramatic? I really couldn't bear it in my exhausted state.

THERON. No; it's a simple, pleasing air—rather soothing than otherwise, I believe.

MURIEL. Well, then, sit down by me while you sing, Theron, and take my hand in yours. We may part so soon!

(*He obeys.*)

THERON.—*Justification.*

You ask me why? We both were young;
And round our lives the rosy air
Full of divine expectance hung,
Like the soft light that everywhere
Clings to the leafless branches bare,
In March, while yet the trees are bare.

You ask me why? It was the time
The bird begins to build its nest,
And all the world is filled with rhyme
Of soul to soul, and breast to breast;
With rapture wild, and sweet unrest,
With spring-time's wild and sweet unrest.

You ask me why? It was the hour
When Doubt is lulled and Hope awakes.
And certain tender dreams have power
Upon us for their own sweet sakes;
And all such different seeming takes,
Such mystic midnight seeming takes.

You ask me why? It was the place
Of many a summer-breathing flower;
The rose's bloom, the lily's grace,
Drooped o'er us in the mimic bower,
Around the fountain's gush and shower,
The tiny fountain's gush and shower.

You ask me why? We sat alone.
In distant rooms we heard the waltz
Throb dully; and, in undertone,
You bade me tell you of your faults;
Amid the pulses of the waltz
You bade me tell you of your faults.

(*While he sings, she drowses, unseen by him. Her head sinks on her breast.*)

THERON. Muriel, love? She weeps!

CHORUS. No, no, she sleeps!
The aching heart, the weary brain,
At last are free from pain.
Muriel sleeps.

MR. AND MRS. VANE.

Yes, yes, she sleeps.
Be silent, oh! and make no stir,
Lest you awaken her.
Muriel sleeps.

CAPTAIN (*through his trumpet*).

Ay, ay, she sleeps!
The wretch who dares to breathe a word
Henceforth, goes overboard.
Muriel sleeps.

MAN AT THE WHEEL (*sounding the whistle*).

Ay, ay, she sleeps!
Oh, softly whistle, softly sigh
The news afar and nigh!
Muriel sleeps.

THERON. Ay, ay, she sleeps!
It was my song that brought surcease
Of pain to her and peace.
Muriel sleeps.

MURIEL (*stirring in her sleep*). Come back! *I* love you too!

CHORUS OF ALL VOICES.

Hush, hush!
Our Muriel dreams.
A tender flush
Bepaints her cheek, and seems
The light of dreams.

(*The scene is slowly darkened until all the figures become invisible, while the* Chorus *continues.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

MURIEL'S DREAM.

(*The scene is the same; but the deck is now gorgeously decorated with rich stuffs in various colors hanging from the shrouds and yards, and forming a pavilion, open at the back, so as to show the other guard of the steamer, and the sea beyond. The front of the house is wreathed with flowers, enormous rosettes adorn all the upright surfaces, the masts and funnels are likewise garlanded, and the mouths of the funnels are filled with vast bouquets, through which the smoke is seen escaping. There is a touch of something fantastic in all these decorations, and in the dress of all the persons present, who are in ball costume.*)

CHORUS (*promenading arm in arm*).

Ladies and gentlemen,
If at all singular
In our appearance
Some of us seem,
Let us enlighten you:
We are not really
People, but only
Things in a dream—
Muriel's dream!
All this magnificent
Paraphernalia
That you will notice
Here, if you please,
Is but the scenery
That quite subjectively,
As in a vision,
Dreaming she sees—
Muriel sees!

MURIEL (*magnificently dressed, promenading arm in arm with* Theron). And so we're going to have a ball! How perfectly fascinating! Do you know, Theron, I've often wondered they didn't have them oftener on the Retarders? It would certainly be an attraction.

THERON. Yes, I think it would. How do you like the decorations?

MURIEL (*pausing a moment to glance up at them, with her hands clasped through his arm*). Beautiful! A little peculiar, perhaps?

THERON. No, I don't think so.

MURIEL. Well, perhaps not. Who did them?

THERON. They were designed by the Society for the Prevention of Decorative Art.

MURIEL. There are to be refreshments, I suppose?

THERON. Well, very light. *Bouillon* for the ladies, and chocolate creams and chewing-gum for the sales-ladies.

MURIEL. Perfect! Who suggested the ball?

THERON. Why, to tell the truth, *I* thought of it.

MURIEL. But how came you to have such a fortunate inspiration? You're so stupid usually, you know. (It doesn't seem to be quite what I meant to say!)

THERON. Well, I don't know. I thought it would be a graceful little attention to the steerage passengers if I got up a sort of *fête* for them in celebration of my approaching departure.

MURIEL (*fondly*). How *like* you, Theron! But (*looking about*) I don't see any of the steerage passengers here.

THERON. No: they're rather a low set. Of course we couldn't have them *present*.

MURIEL. Of course not. Theron!

THERON. Yes, dearest?

MURIEL. I never thought! But where did the flowers come from? So far at sea, you know.

THERON. Oh! The flowers are artificial.

MURIEL. Why, so they are! But they looked as unnatural as the real ones.

THERON. The captain has them watered with cologne from time to time, and that keeps them fresh. Here comes the man now.

(*A seaman appears with garden hose, and sprinkles the flowers, executing at the same time some steps of the Hornpipe.*)

MURIEL (*with an uneasy sigh*). I suppose the decorations are all right, but don't you think the company is rather queer?

THERON. I see nothing queer about them.

MURIEL. Well, if I didn't know that I was awake, I should certainly think I was dreaming. Those Arab gentlemen, now: they seem to have become quite dark since I first saw them.

THERON. Yes, they are Arabian Nights now.

MURIEL. That accounts for it. Well, it must be right. But why do the gentlemen all keep their bonnets on?

THERON. To prevent the bees from escaping. They've got bees in their bonnets, to a man!

MURIEL. I see. Theron!

THERON. Well?

MURIEL. I don't like to ask so many questions, but *why* has the captain got on an over-skirt?

THERON (*carelessly*). Oh, I suppose he's heard of the Secretary of the Treasury issuing a steam-boat captain's commission to that lady in Mississippi, and wishes to be ready for the change.

MURIEL. How stupid of me not to think! But *do* you like papa in mamma's fichu?

THERON. I think it's rather becoming.

MURIEL (*thoughtfully*). Perhaps the color is. But now—mamma in a dress-coat! Do you think it's quite the thing?

THERON. Why, it's very common, you know.

MURIEL. Yes. What have they *all* got on?

THERON. Their life-preservers.

MURIEL. Oh! I see. But is it safe, having them round the knees?

THERON. Well, they do less harm there, probably. They can take them off if anything happens.

MURIEL. True. Why have they got all these signs stuck about—"Keep off the grass"? I don't see any grass.

THERON. No: it isn't up yet. But there'll be plenty of it before we get to Liverpool—sea-grass, you know. The *Mesopotamia* is generally covered with it when it comes into port. It's very decorative.

MURIEL. I dare say. I would like to speak with the steward, please.

STEWARD (*instantly appearing, with his left hand developed into a spacious waiter*). Yes, miss?

MURIEL (*staring*). Ugh! Oh! I merely wished to see the captain a moment. Robert!

STEWARD. Yes, miss?

MURIEL (*indicating his hand*). Is it—comfortable?

STEWARD. Perfectly, miss. It's convenient; and it can't fly hout of your 'old in rough weather, miss, like the hold style of waiter.

MURIEL. Yes, there's that to be said. And—Robert!

STEWARD. Yes, miss?

MURIEL. You don't notice anything odd about the company, do you?

STEWARD. Nothing whatever, miss.

MURIEL (*in bewilderment*). Yes: that's what Theron said. Well, send me the captain. (*The* Steward *vanishes, and the* Captain *appears.*) Oh! I have been waiting for you. But (*severely*) I wish you wouldn't flash upon me in that disagreeable manner. One would think you were something at the theatre, coming up out of the floor.

CAPTAIN. Well, miss, I'm greatly pressed for time. I've to get this ball over before breakfast.

MURIEL. It seems to me it's a very droll time for a ball.

CAPTAIN. It's a *matinée;* to let the steerage passengers go to their work in season. Besides, I dare say you've been at a great many balls where you had to hurry to get through before breakfast.

MURIEL. That is perfectly true. But now tell me frankly, captain, do you notice anything strange about your guests?

CAPTAIN (*looking round*). Well, no, miss. They seem dressed as people usually are at a dancing party.

MURIEL (*in despair*). Oh dear! But Theron, now: why does Theron wear that enormous bow on the small of his back? Whisper it, please.

CAPTAIN (*glancing from* Theron *to the pug, which is similarly equipped, and then replying through his trumpet*). Because the other one has it, I suppose.

MURIEL (*bursting into tears*). Oh, don't turn the poor fellow into ridicule at the last moment! It's inhuman! (*She runs to him, and detaching the bow, flings it into the sea. Then a thought seems to strike her.*) Theron.

THERON. Yes, Muriel?

MURIEL. Why, you are still here!

THERON. Yes. We haven't met any home-bound vessel yet.

MURIEL. Well, it won't do. We have made all our preparations for parting, and we must part. The captain promised me that if we met no home-bound vessel you should be put off on an iceberg!

THERON (*sobbing*). The lookout hasn't sighted any iceberg yet.

LOOKOUT (*on top of the house*). Sail, ho!

CAPTAIN (*through his trumpet*). Where away?

LOOKOUT. On the port quarter, sir.

CAPTAIN. Heave to!

LOOKOUT. Ay, ay, sir!

CAPTAIN. Cast the log!

LOOKOUT. Ay, ay, sir!

CAPTAIN. Reef the starboard watch!

LOOKOUT. Ay, ay, sir!

CAPTAIN. Eight bells!

LOOKOUT. Eight bells it is, sir!

CAPTAIN. Yare!

LOOKOUT. Ay, ay, sir!

CAPTAIN. Luff!

LOOKOUT. Ay, ay, sir!

CHORUS. Oh, how excessively
Novel and interesting!
Let us be writing
Letters to send—
If he will pardon us
Offering to trouble him
With their conveyance—
Home by our friend,

(*They all take out postal-cards and write.*)

LOOKOUT. Little mistake, sir!

CAPTAIN. Well?

LOOKOUT. It isn't a sail, sir. It's a hiceberg.

CHORUS (*getting out their glasses*). An iceberg!

THERON. Muriel!

MURIEL. Theron! I'm sure you won't suffer much, if any. It's coming summer, and the iceberg will be cool and pleasant. You will be provided with food, fuel, cigars, and reading matter. You'll soon drift ashore somewhere. But, in any case, it can't be helped. You must go. There's no other way of getting rid of you. Don't you see, dearest?

THERON. Oh, yes! I see, Muriel. You're quite right. I dare say I shall do very well.

MURIEL. Captain, we don't seem to be approaching very rapidly.

CAPTAIN. That's because we're going *toward* the iceberg. If we were sailing *from* it, you would see how soon we should overhaul it. But even as it is, we sha'n't be long. There! you can hear the people on the iceberg already.

MR. VANE. Are they usually inhabited, captain?

CAPTAIN. Yes, usually, but not always.

MR. VANE. How very odd!

MRS. VANE. And are the inhabitants like us?

CAPTAIN (*with some embarrassment*). Well, ma'am, that depends upon what you mean by *us.* If you mean *me*—well, no: they're not precisely like us. They're fairies.

MURIEL. Fairies?

CAPTAIN. Yes, miss. And there's another difference: they're all beautiful young ladies. Yes, it's a singular fact, but one well known to science, that the inhabitants of icebergs are all fairies, all young, all beautiful, and all ladies.

MURIEL (*with misgiving*). O Theron, dear! do you think you'd *better* go? If anything should happen to you, I could never forgive myself.

THERON. Don't be troubled, Muriel. I shall be perfectly safe, I've no doubt.

CAPTAIN. There, miss, you can hear them quite distinctly now.

CHORUS OF THE ICEBERG FAIRIES.

(*As they sing, the iceberg approaches, and they are seen scattered over its peaks and slopes, draped in flowing white and blue, and wearing fillets of frosted silver in their hair. The iceberg softly touches the side of the steamer, and the seamen make it fast. They place a staging from the rail to the deck.*)

Out of the frozen realms of the North,
From the dreamless solitudes
Where immemorial silence broods
Over a world that is white and whist
As is the pale dead moon,
Singing a mystic rune,
Clad all in pearl and amethyst,
Life out of Death, we have wandered forth.

Out of the beautiful Northern sky,
From the eerie flash and play
Of lights that fairer than the day
Paint the long night of half a year,
We may describe ourselves
As some auroral elves,
Who, having left their normal sphere,
Through the world are wandering far and nigh.

MR. VANE. This is very interesting, very definite, and, upon the whole, satisfactory. But I'm rather surprised that they should adopt that scientific view of the moon's condition. From fairies I should expect something more poetical.

CAPTAIN. Oh, science has penetrated everywhere; and I may say that Iceberg Fairies are, as a rule, nothing if not scientific.

MR. VANE (*with conviction*). True. (*From moment to moment various inscriptions reveal themselves on the sides of the iceberg, as "St. Jacob's Oil Conquers Pain," "Anti-Fat," "Burdock Blood Bitters," "Rock and Rye," etc.*) I observe that they seem to have adopted several of our popular remedies at the North Pole.

CAPTAIN. There's a great deal of rheumatism there, and with an exclusive meat diet, the blood needs purifying in the spring. You'll find the whole North Pole painted over with patent medicine advertisements in the American fashion.

MR. VANE. Ah! that's an additional motive for not discovering it. Well, Muriel, I suppose there's no occasion for further delay. Shall I speak to these ladies, or will you?

MURIEL. Perhaps *I* had better, papa, as they seem strangers. (*She advances to the rail of the steamer next the iceberg.*) Hmm! Let me see! Whom shall I ask for? Oh! Why, of course! Ladies, can any of you tell me it the queen is at home?

THE ICE PRINCESS (*advancing politely*). Miss Vane?

MURIEL. Yes. The Ice Princess?

THE ICE PRINCESS (*smiling*). Yes. Mamma will be *so* sorry to miss you. But she's confined to her cavern with a cold to-day.

MURIEL. Oh, I'm very sorry! I hope it isn't anything serious?

THE ICE PRINCESS. Oh no! Merely a cold in the head. But of course it's trying. Could I give her any message from you?

MURIEL. You're very kind. I don't know that I ought to trouble you with a business matter. Er—won't you come aboard?

THE ICE PRINCESS (*complying, with all her fairies*). Oh, thank you And I shall be only too glad if I can do anything for you.

MURIEL. It's nothing. Merely a young gentleman whom I would like to have you take with you, and put ashore somewhere on the American coast. If you don't actually touch anywhere, it don't matter: he could swim a few miles. I suppose I needn't go into details; but it's quite necessary he should leave the steamer. Theron! (*She extends her hand behind her; and* Theron, *with his travelling shawl over his arm, and carrying his valise, approaches and takes it.*) The Ice Princess, Mr. Gay! (*They bow in acknowledgment of the introduction.*) It is Mr. Gay whom I wish to have go with you.

THE ICE PRINCESS (*politely*). Oh yes! (*She examines him through her pince-nez as he retires.*) Isn't he rather good-looking?

MURIEL. Yes—rather.

THE ICE PRINCESS. And amiable?

MURIEL. Yes—rather amiable.

THE ICE PRINCESS. Well, you see, we are ladies, and mamma not being at all well, do you think it would be very nice?

MURIEL. Oh, perfectly! There are so many of you!

THE ICE PRINCESS. That is true. What are his principles?

MURIEL. I don't quite understand you. Do you mean his political principles? He is a Protectionist.

THE ICE PRINCESS. *We* are Protectionists too.

MURIEL (*with fine reluctance*). Oh, I don't think he's an extreme one.

THE ICE PRINCESS. *We* are moderate too. We believe in tariff for revenue; for we must have pocket-money, you know. At the same time, we are Protectionists. As ladies, we have to be protected, of course. But I referred not so much to his political principles as his theories of life.

MURIEL. I believe that at one time he thought it was hardly worth while. He had been reading a little of Mallock. But he told me he had got over that in his Junior year. He is very earnest now.

THE ICE PRINCESS. I am glad of that. *We* are very earnest too. Is he literary or scientific?

MURIEL. Scientific, I *think.* At any rate, he's written a novel.

THE ICE PRINCESS. Oh, indeed! *We* have written novels too. Is he of the old romantic school, with real heroes and heroines, or the modern analytic, photographic school, with just common people?

MURIEL. I'm sure I can't say: *I* couldn't read it.

THE ICE PRINCESS. Nobody can read ours either. And you say his character is irreproachable?

MURIEL. Quite.

THE ICE PRINCESS (*sighing*). He is certainly very handsome. I hope he isn't a Bostonian. Their manners are so cold. They chill us.

MURIEL. I shouldn't have thought they could chill *Ice* Fairies.

THE ICE PRINCESS. They can chill *any*thing. And precisely because we *are* Ice Fairies we pine for warmth.

THE ICE PRINCESS.—*An Illustration.*

The rose that in some winter room
So frailly grows, so palely blows,
Knows in its heart a brighter bloom,
And longs to be a summer rose—
In sun and shower a summer rose.

The song each silent soul within
That weakly tries, that meekly dies,
For utterance that it may not win,
From poet lips would scale the skies—
A poet's song would scale the skies.

The love that lurks in every breast,
So kind a thing, so blind a thing,
If with a smile or word caressed,
Would wake, and rise, and be a king—
Of life and death the lord and king.

MURIEL. Yes, I admit all that; but it stands to reason that if the manners of the Bostonians are cold, their hearts are warm. Theron, what should you say in evidence of the hidden warmth of the Bostonians? For they certainly *do* hide it.

THERON. Very little. I know there has been a good deal of talk about our manners; but, I ask, what if we do seem cold?

MURIEL (*to the* Princess). Yes, what if we do?

THERON. We make no pretence of being warm.

MURIEL. *No* one could deny that!

THERON. And that is more than you could say of people whose manner is more cordial.

THE ICE PRINCESS. Yes, I see, and it may all be as Mr. Gay says; but we have never had a young gentleman among us yet, and I must take time to think it over.

MURIEL. There's no hurry. Of course I didn't expect you to decide immediately.

THE ICE PRINCESS. No. And while we are thinking, we should like to dance a little ballet, as people always do when anything important is pending. Perhaps it would amuse you?

MURIEL. It will be very good of your Highness. Imperial or royal, by-the-way?

THE ICE PRINCESS. Imperial, please. The queen is an empress, you know.

MURIEL. Oh yes! Like Victoria. We shall be perfectly delighted to have you dance.

BALLET AND SONG BY THE ICE FAIRIES.

With the tender chords all muted,
Fairy-voiced and fairy-footed,
Let us trip and let us glide,
Gleaming,
Sparkling,
Dreaming,
Darkling,
O'er the ocean's frozen tide.

Down the crystal ice-peaks swarming,
On the crystal ice-field forming,
Let us drift like falling snow,
Swirling,
Sweeping,
Curling,
Creeping,
Like the lightly falling snow.

Then let silence, deep and hollow,
On our merry uproar follow:
Let us all, like shapes of snow,
Brightly
Shimmer,
Lightly
Glimmer,
Stop as if all frozen so!

(*They all stop instantly.*)

MURIEL. How perfectly charming! What do you call it?

THE ICE PRINCESS. Frost on the Window-Panes. Isn't it a pretty name?

MURIEL. Lovely! And so significant! I think—if you'll excuse my proposing it—the passengers would like to dance a little now to show their appreciation and gratitude.

THE ICE PRINCESS. Oh, we shall be charmed, I'm sure!

BALLET AND SONG BY THE PASSENGERS.

With a burst of music flashing,
Lightning-like and thunder-crashing
On the stilly, startled air,
Quickly
Forming,
Thickly
Storming,
Fill the wide deck everywhere!